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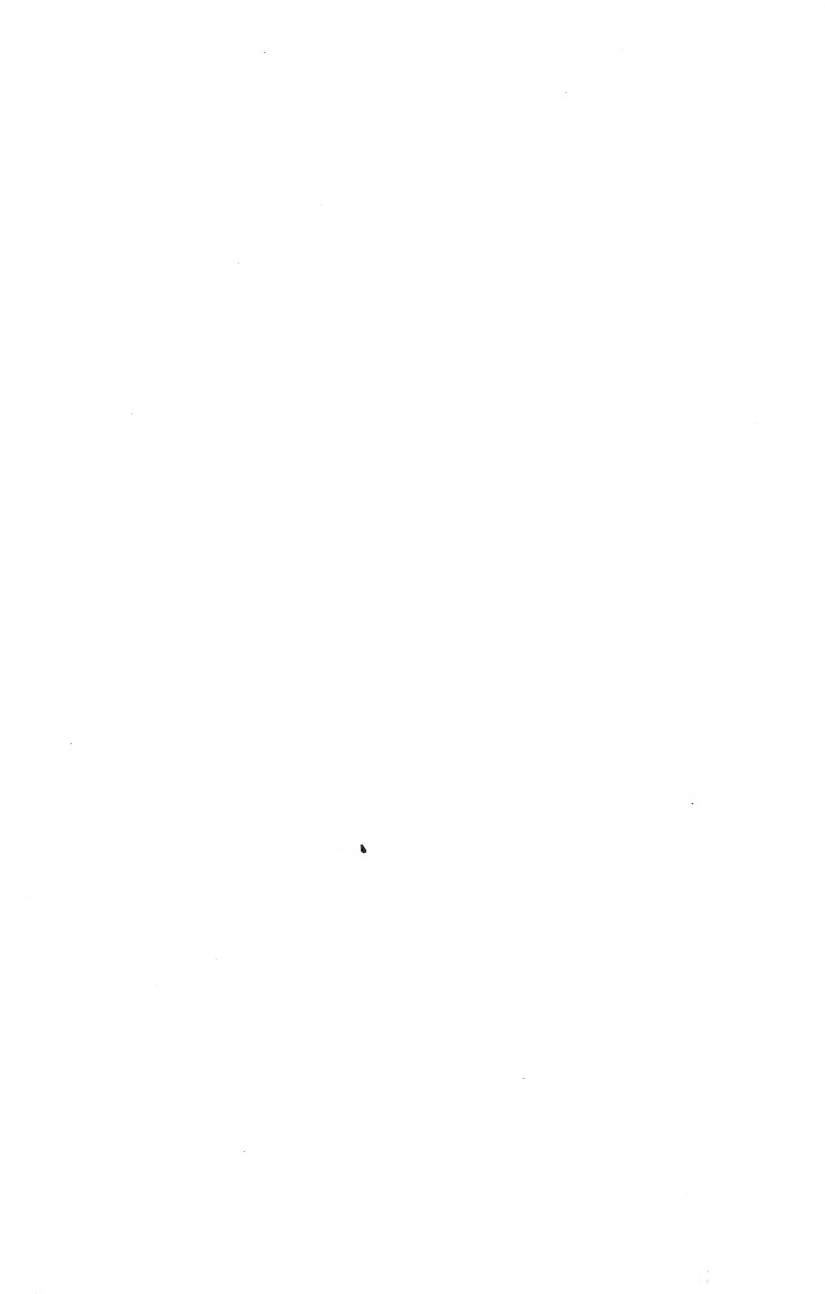
# THE SON OF MAN

VOL. II



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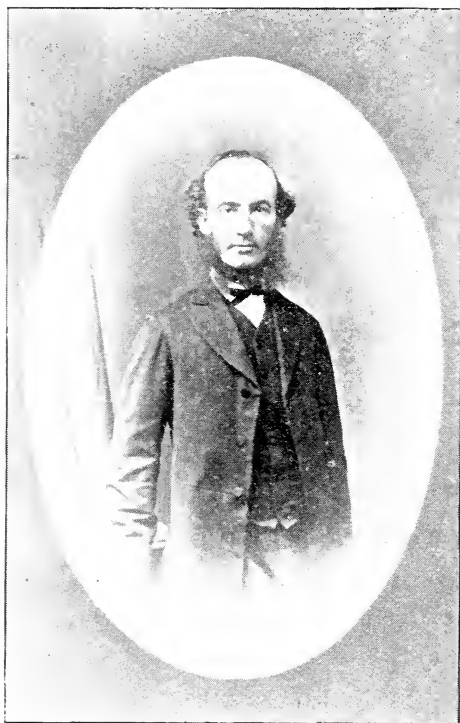
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MR. SAMUEL DYER.

"And now to whom do you owe all this?" God said to me when I was in prison. "To Mr. Dyer: he guided you and led you on until at last you believed in me, but then you fell away. You must go to him and make much of him."



# THE SON OF MAN

## VOLUME II

BY: THE CHRIST

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1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general principles of the theory of the structure of the human brain, and to a description of the various methods of investigation which have been employed in the study of the brain.

2. The second part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the various theories of the origin of the human brain, and to a description of the various methods of investigation which have been employed in the study of the brain.

## PREFACE.

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This book is written not to amuse but to teach. It is not beneath the notice of the most exalted man on earth; and to that man who despises it, I say that he shall be humbled to the dust.



TO MY DEAR FATHER,

GOD,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

BY HIS SON

HAROLD: THE CHRIST.

“And there appeared a great wonder in Heaven; a woman clothed with the Sun, and having the Moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve Stars.” “And she travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered, and she brought forth a man child who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron; and her child was caught up to God, and to His throne.”

—*Revelation.*

## CHAPTER I.

I have come to declare to all men that Jesus Christ is my brother and that He, in all things, was a good man and a man who spoke not of Himself. It was the spirit of the Holy Ghost that spoke, and Jesus was only the temple of that spirit. I also am the temple of the Holy Ghost I am not like Jesus though; I was a great sinner and God told me Himself that I committed one sin that might have kept me out of the kingdom of Heaven.

Very possibly there are some men who would like to know the time and place that the Holy Ghost came to dwell in me, and spoke the words I have written about my having committed one sin that might have kept me out of Heaven. It is to-day, Tuesday the 15th of November. On this

same day last year I was in prison. Perhaps for the benefit of those who will read this in time to come, I had better mention that this is the year 1892.

On Monday the 19th of October of last year, I did the work God sent me to do. I announced myself as His messenger. On Monday night God taught me in secret. I suffered something that night. I sat before the Judgment Seat of God. People need not think that I left my rooms or saw visions, or did any of those funny kind of things that theoretical believers in God are fond of doing or of saying they have done. God's throne is everywhere and He judges men every day. He does not do so in the way He judged me, because He did make me feel His power in order that I may tell all men. On Tuesday morning of October, on the 20th day of that month, I was found lying on my face



in my sitting-room at 17 Bury street, St. James's. I did so because of what happened during the night. When men get a better knowledge of God they also will possibly do as I did. They certainly will if He ever manifests Himself to them as the Spirit of Truth. Truth is a thing that makes men tremble in their shoes and shake. I have trembled before now, but I did not do so on the night I speak of. God was very kind and good to me. He does not break bruised reeds. He knew I had repented of my sins.

All Tuesday I lay in that room and people came round, and a Dr. Bateman came and "wisely" and suspiciously asked if I had been drinking and if I had been taking poison, and a number of other questions. He did his best, I know that, and his best was very, very bad. He was told I had said I came from God, and then he said I must be suffering from "relig

ious mania." Before that he had said I was suffering from epilepsy, and he dosed me with salts to try and cure me; then he, after having said I was suffering from "religious mania," again dosed me, or tried to, with his salts. I did not resist; I only turned my head away and the Holy Ghost spoke from my mouth and said, "Not worthy to kiss the dust at his feet."

Those words meant that I was not worthy to kiss the dust at the feet of Jesus. I know that they are true, and yet I consider myself just a little bit better than any man on earth. There are better men than I am, but I have been tried and tempted more than they have and for that reason I am in the Kingdom of Heaven. Men need not doubt me. God told me that.

All Tuesday I waited for some one to come who believed in God. None came. Then in the evening they sud-

denly lifted me from the floor and then the voice of God sounded in their ears. It was a welcome sound to me, and when He continued speaking and called me His son then I was at rest. "What would you have said, Harold Brodrick, if I had made you a teacher of men and they would not listen to you?" God spoke those words. I answered: "I do not know what I should have done." Then God said: "You would have said, 'Let me die for them.' " Then I died. Yes; it was on that night I died to sin and was born again to righteousness. No man can enter into the Kingdom of Heaven except he become as a little child and is born again to righteousness.

A woman came and took my hand on that evening, when she heard the voice of God. She said to me, "I believe in God," and then it was that God said to me, "My Son, she does not believe. There are many who

profess Me with their mouths who do not know Me in their hearts."

Now when God raised His voice and spoke to Bateman and said: "Thou wicked one, can you not hear the voice of God?" Bateman shortly afterward left the room, and so did Mr. Radford Potts and Mrs. Men-day and others. There was a great light in that room then, and a man whom they left to "look after me" became as a dead man. All power was taken out of him by God. He sat on the bed, and he knew not what had stiffened him. He got drunk the next day and came to see me while in that state. I ordered him to leave the room.

Among those things God said on that night of Tuesday was that "Harold Brodrick shall go forth all over the world to do His work, and people should come from all parts of the earth to see him." I tell people

that in order that they may see if God fulfills His promise. I think that I have said enough on the subject of the coming of the Holy Ghost to my temple to enable me to, with confidence, now call people's attention to the fact that they will, by reading the 3d chapter of Malachi, the prophet, see that I came as the messenger of God, as it is there written that some one shall come, and also that the Lord, whom they seek, did suddenly come to my temple; that also is mentioned in Malachi, the remainder of that prophecy is to be fulfilled. I must now ask all people to read the 26th verse of the xiv chapter of St. John. They will then see that the spirit in me is doing the duty there mentioned. It would be well for people to read the whole of that chapter also and study it. I also wish to ask them to read the 2d verse of the xvi chapter. It has been fulfilled.

I also ask them to read the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th verses of the same chapter.

And a man's enemies shall be they of his own household. God spoke those words by the mouth of Lord Jesus and I can testify that they are true. Mr. Radford Potts is my cousin. He was the man who was instrumental in my being put into prison, and he had power to release me from there at any time he pleased, and yet he would not. He was forced to do so at last because of the troubles that I was instrumental in bringing upon him. He has robbed me of about two hundred pounds, with which he paid lawyers and doctors, for keeping me locked up. He stopped my money at the bank in South America, and when I arrived there I found it out. He wrote false letters about me. He persuaded my Uncle Thomas Paul Potts that I was

mad. I allowed him to do those things, and in order to save the heavy law expenses which he went to, to obtain possession of my money, I wrote and told him that I would give him a cheque on the bank for all I had if he liked. I think I have said enough to show that in me God's words were fulfilled. My enemies have been of my own household. During the time I was in prison my uncle turned against me, and that without ever having taken the trouble to come and see me. He was afraid to come at last. Now I shall tell people about some English laws, and about some property I bought in West Australia. I bought a few sections of land out there before I left the colony in 1887. I left the deeds out there until I visited New Zealand in the beginning of the year 1891. I then wrote for and got my deeds. On my departure from New Zealand

I put them in a despatch box, and it I put in a large trunk, or portman-teau, as I am to call it. The "Rimutaka" arrived at Gravesend on Sunday the 31st day of May, 1891. I got out and went to my rooms at ninety-three Jermyn street. That trunk was robbed of its contents and the deeds lost. I, however, had made a note of the property I owned out there, in a book. I therefore was able to sell it for the sum of 600 pounds. I paid about £430 for it. The purchaser of the land was a Mr. Wright, of 5 Copthall buildings, London. He agreed to give me the sum mentioned on the terms that he should pay me fifty pounds in cash and the balance within six months or else forfeit his fifty pounds. There was a Mr. Macklin, whom I had known in Western Australia, who was in business with Messrs. Jenkins, Baker & Co., of 134 Fenchurch street, London.



Mr. Wright and myself employed him to make out temporary transfers. He did so, and agreed to act for myself and Wright in the matter of the completion of the purchase. He made out all the necessary deeds and I signed them, and Macklin then told me there was nothing more for me to do. He said he would write to West Australia and get new deeds, and when Mr. Wright completed the purchase he would pay the five hundred and fifty pounds to my credit. I paid Macklin four guineas for that business and he drove in the hansom I took with me for part of the distance to the West End. On the way he remarked to me that I had made a good sale of my property. That occurred on Wednesday, the 1st of July, 1891. The next day I went to the steamer "Clyde" and departed for Buenos Ayres. People know what happened after that. I shall

now go on to November, of 1891. I was then in Munster House, or prison, as it should be called. When I found I could not get out of that place I wrote to Macklin, and by carefully wording my letter I got my cousin to have it forwarded. Macklin came. I told him I should be glad if he would kindly get Mr. Wright to complete the purchase of the land as soon as he could conveniently do so, as I wanted to give up all those business matters. He seemed very much astonished to see me in that place and he went away promising to quickly see about my being released. Shortly after that he got into communication with my cousin, Mr. Radford Potts, who is a barrister, and a doctor of law. Macklin soon after that wrote and told me that he regretted that the purchase of my land could not be completed, as I was in that asylum. He said that I could not sell property

and the consent of a master in lunacy would be required to its being done. I pointed out to him that I had effected the sale of the land months before I was put in the asylum, and I said that if the fact of my being in that place rendered my sale of the land illegal, it also should render all the past acts of my life illegal. It was no use. He and Radford Potts declared me a lunatic, and sent me a document to sign, asking if I would protest against it. I told them to do to me as they would. I should not resist. The transfer of that land was effected by Macklin and Potts and others and they kept back one hundred pounds of the price paid. Eventually it cost me eighty-seven pounds, more or less.

Would a man rob God? Yes: Those men robbed me, and he who robs me robs God, whose son I am.

Verily, I say, they shall have their reward.

When I was released from Munster House I went to see Mr. Macklin and he then said he did not know but that I was mad and selling the land at a ridiculously low figure. He did not speak the truth. He knew all about the sale and the price I paid for the land.

I have told these things in order that business men may be warned. It is a very bad thing to be so fond of money as to rob a child of God. Now God has other children in the world, and I declare to all men that when I hear of any sharp little tricks being done, at the expense of those who belong to God, that I will come to them quickly and slay their souls with the sword of my mouth. It is a sharp, two-edged sword, and it cuts just where it is least expected. I am going to make public a few things

shortly that will make some people in England wince.

Tremble in your shoes and shake all ye that work iniquity for I am He of whom it is written, "And who shall stand when He appeareth." I would remind men also that it is written, "*And in those days* men shall seek death. They shall desire to die, but death shall flee from them. They shall cry out to the rocks to fall on them and hide them from the face of He who sitteth upon the throne. Those that love God shall rejoice, for their troubles are soon to pass away. We shall all stand before the throne of God, and the number shall be one hundred and forty and four thousand, and thousands more—those shall be they who have come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. That is what I did. I washed my robes in the blood

of the Lamb. Now when shall those things be that I spoke of? When shall men call to the rocks to fall upon them? Soon those things shall come to pass.

I will just remind all men and women that every word I write shall be fulfilled by them. God will make them fulfill what I write, and I write of what He has taught me. Words are things that God is Lord over. He can make them deceive people, and I need not remind them that for generations and thousands of years He has deceived them. He has allowed that spirit called the devil to become the prince of this world. It has bruised the heel of the Son of Man and he shall bruise its head.

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.”

Those words are old, and I quote them in order to give men and women an idea about rocks. I do not wish

to frighten people. They also will teach that the words of God are in me fulfilled. I have told people of things new and old. Therefore the kingdom of Heaven is like unto a householder who brought forth of his treasures things new and old, and the words of Jesus are to-day fulfilled in your ears.

## CHAPTER II.

In the Son of Man all the words of Scripture must be fulfilled, and of me it is written that "He shall bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said to you."

Now I shall ask those who are anxious to get into Heaven if they will kindly turn to work and try to do the will of God. Jesus told men that doing God's will and not talking about it and "pulling long faces" was the way to Heaven. Men have tried to teach the Scriptures, and they have set themselves up as being the ministers of God, and the time of those men is at hand. It is with them now. This day I will show them that God is God and He punishes those who say they are apostles and are not.



In the book of the Revelation of John the Divine it is written:

“John to the seven churches in Asia.” Now those words simply mean “God, to the people of the earth.” The word church was in olden times used by the true ministers of God to represent the people who believed in Him. And the Angels of the Seven Churches means the Seven Spirits of God that go out into all the world. The Seven Churches were used by God simply as a “blind.” He intended to deceive those who called themselves His ministers, and He did. The serpent is the most subtle beast of the field. God uses that serpent in order to deceive those who preach without being sent. People will see, if they look into what is called a Teachers’ Bible, that the angels of the churches are there interpreted by the so-called ministers of God to mean themselves. Now I cannot allow the

children of God to be deceived in that way, and I therefore shall tell them that in me are the Seven Spirits of God and I am the Angel of the Churches.

Unto the angel of the church of Ephesus write ; these things saith He that holdeth the seven stars in His right hand, who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks.

I know thy works, and thy labor, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil, and thou hast tried them which say they are apostles, and are not, and hast found them liars.

When did Harold Brodrick try those that say they are apostles and find them liars?

He has done so in South America. He has done so in New Zealand. He has done so in Australia, and particularly in England and in America. It will not be necessary for me to

mention more than one or two names at present.

When I was in prison in England a clergyman came there to preach every Sunday morning. Different men came and I tried two of them only; the third was so young I felt sorry for him and I did not think it necessary to try him. First, I tried a man whose name I do not know. He talked about God and prayed and looked as "good" as he could. I wrote him a letter and told him that I was a child of God and I had been locked up there because I was trying to do my Father's work. I told him that he, as a minister of Christ, might help me, or if he were truly called to the ministry he would at least come and talk with me and help me to get out. He never answered that letter. The next Sunday he said a prayer for those in distress and pulled a little longer face than usual. Now that sort of min-

ister of God is a bastard in the sight of God. He has done his best and now he is going to learn that he can do better in future; and the very first thing he had better do is to take off his priestly clothes and put on an expression of face that is natural to him and give up his ideas about teaching people. There is only one teacher of men on this earth at present and that teacher is The Christ. Unto men I say: Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die, for I have not found thy works perfect before God. Remember, therefore, how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast and repent. If, therefore, thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee.

Another clergyman whom I tried is by name Roland Cardwell. I told him when I was in Munster prison

that I had come from God. I did more; I told him my history, and I told him that he need no longer preach that Jesus was miraculously conceived by the Holy Ghost, for it was not so. He remained away from Munster House, or prison, for five Sundays consecutively after that. He felt I was a true man, and rather than help me and acknowledge that his master had come, he left me there. Perhaps he thought that they could keep Christ in prison. He must have thought so. He did think so. Unto the Reverend Roland Cardwell I say: Because thou sayest I have need of nothing, and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked, I advise you to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear. . . . It is too late,

Roland Cardwell, your nakedness is made apparent—you cannot enter now!

“Who has not heard the bridegroom is so sweet.” Many have heard. Who has not cried, “Oh, let us in!” Many have done so, yet few have found the way, and but one has entered in. Harold Brodrick is that one. First comes Christ, and then afterward they that are Christs.

Now I think the time has come when I must explain that in every man who enters into the Kingdom of God the spirit of Christ dwells, and when a man has got that spirit in him in sufficient power to have overcome all his other evil spirits, which are his passions, then he will die to sin as Harold Brodrick died at 17 Bury street, St. James’s, London. Now men say, Is it possible that Harold Brodrick, whom we knew as a man who was an adulterer, and a man who

went to fast places of resort like the Empire theatre, and so on—is it possible that God would come to him and make his abode in him? And are we to understand, they say, that Harold Brodrick has given up all things that pertain to the flesh? Well, Harold Brodrick shall answer for himself, and this is what he says: I died to all carnal lusts in Bury street, and then spiritual pleasures were revealed to me by God, which *are ten or twenty, and sometimes fifty-fold* greater than any earthly pleasure ever experienced by man. When men come to me and ask me about these things in a serious and seemly manner, then I will tell them plainly of those things God has revealed to me: I am not afraid to tell them now, but there are few who are sufficiently advanced to hear and understand of what I write. Men need not think I am a simple fool. I know Paris and I know London, and

I know all the ways of fast women and of fast men. And I know about all the natural and unnatural pleasures of both sexes. I don't say I have practised them all. I never did anything unnatural in my life twice over it I saw that it was unnatural, and if I had power to resist.

I have just said that I don't say I have practised all the pleasures, or vices as men may prefer to call them, of both sexes. That sounds very absurd, does it not? For how could a man do what pertains to women? Well, it is true that with man it is impossible, but allow me to remind men and women that with God all things are possible; and I now will plainly state that spiritual pleasures are a combination of those carnal pleasures enjoyed by both man and woman.

A man who enters into the kingdom of Heaven becomes a "Christ,"



and he is not ashamed to talk of those things that God has given him. "Christs" only look upon themselves as children of God. They are neither man nor woman in their passions. They are what they are, and their pleasures are what God gives them. Now, men who are too sensitive to read what I write, and think themselves too good to talk of those natural passions which are common to man and woman, are not fit, or nearly fit, for the Kingdom of Heaven.

In England among the best country families there is more freedom of language used than among the middle classes. It is so also among the best kind of people in business and trade and every other walk of life. That is because those people do not seek to hide that they have natural passions. They do not pretend to be "good." They just do their best, and they are

infinitely better than those who go about praying publicly and pretending that they are good and blameless men. All men have their sins, and if a man wants to get the spiritual pleasures he should not keep out of the way of temptation; he should go right into it, and overcome his sins.

Jesus said:

“Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also came, and am set down with my father in my throne.”

Harold Brodrick never avoided temptation. He tried to resist it, but he went into all kinds of temptation. There is no girl on earth to-day who could tempt Harold Brodrick to marry her. The children of God who

enter into the kingdom neither marry nor are they given in marriage.

Money does not tempt Harold Brodrick. He would not change places if all the kingdoms of the earth, and the wealth in them, were at his feet. Harold Brodrick knows all about rich men, and he himself has lived at the rate of one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars a month, and that was when his hour of trial came. He could have married almost any girl he pleased, and he could have gone into the best society in England. He did not think the best society in England was good enough for him. Not nearly good enough. People there think they are very good people. I think that the best set of people in England are those who keep in the background. All that dying set who crawl and creep about the woman who sits on the throne, and rules in name only, are bastards in

the sight of God. God told me, and He told those men at Whitehall in a letter which I was instrumental in writing to His order on a certain day of April, 1892, that the Prince of Wales was a bastard. Not according to the laws of men, but according to the law of God which overrules the laws of men. If, therefore, the man whom the English people propose to make their king is a bastard in the sight of God, how much more must those who toady and bow down to him be bastards. Creeping worms God called them on that same day as I prophesied, which was early in December of 1891. "Send your message to the worms of God that crawl and creep about the earth." That's what God told me to do with my prophecy of December 2d. And then later, He told me to leave England and come out from among her bastard sons who would not receive

the man whom God sent to them. They will receive Christ, but they did not then know that Christ and Harold Brodrick are one.

I have told you that spiritual pleasures are a combination of those carnal pleasures enjoyed by men and women. Now that was only to give an idea. And I shall now say that not only are they a combination of those things, but they are a heavenly evolution out of them. God gives me sometimes just as much pleasure as I can bear. A man who only seeks to please God as I do does not get disappointed. God is the most Glorious Father to me. He has chastened me and afflicted me with fever and with those things that are brought on by immorality. Few men know of the awful punishments that follow those who are God's children and who sin. Now all men receive their punishments in this world and their rewards. If a man

gets drunk, he wakes up in the morning with a bad headache or with what, in the colonies, are called "hot coppers." It is no use men telling me they don't. They may not if they are habitual drunkards, but I do not write for the men of that sort. I write for men who go to dinners and drink too much. Those men get "hot coppers," and I know that because I have been drunk many a time. Not so drunk as to lose my head. I never yet have lost my head, but I have lost my legs. That happened when I was in New Zealand. I was with a fellow of the name of Jim Blackett, whose father is an engineer and was in a good position, as positions go, in the colony of New Zealand. Well, Blackett was the man who can testify that he has seen Harold Brodrick drunk. It occurred just on the day when the survey of the Edendale-Fortrose railway was completed. We went

to a small inn at a place called Pine Bush and I had too much to drink. Now I do not think I need tell men that there is no pleasure in going to dinners and drinking too much, neither is there any pleasure in drinking too much on any occasion. It is customary in New Zealand, to this day, to ask men to "come and have a drink." That practice is not only among the working classes, but it is among the young "squatters" and they think they are "swells." I was astounded on my last visit to New Zealand. I met a fellow of the name of Helder. He told me that he is the only Helder in the world, and I expect that when he reads this he will remember me. Helder is a young squatter, and his family may be the only Helders. I suppose that is what he meant when he told me that he was the only Helder. Well, Helder "the only one," or anything else he

likes to call himself, is not the only one who has tried in his day to force me to drink. He told me that I was a mean sort of fellow because I did not ask him and his friend to drink. Now he did not use those exact words, but he implied them, and this is to give notice to men that if they want to get to be anything at all, they must not ask every one they meet to drink, because if a *man* says no, he means it, and men of the class to which I belonged are sometimes suffering from what has been brought on by leading a life such as babies and milk and water fellows of Helder's class know nothing of. I also remember that I went to a theatre in Dunedin with Helder and my other quiet friend, and it was a very inferior sort of bastard Music Hall performance that was going on, and I got up and was going quietly out, and Helder pushed a stick between my legs to try



and stop me. That was only a joke, and I like fellows who have got spirit enough to play games with me. They are the sort of fellows who learn that I am something that they are not. I am a man. Men do not like to have sticks poked between their legs, even in fun; neither do men care to be told that they should ask people to drink. All that drinking is very degrading and men will have to overcome those things if they want to get any reward from God. They will have to have moral courage to say no, and they will have to have ideas above drinking, as a sign of good fellowship. A man who drinks, excepting a very small quantity, is not a man who knows how to live. There are times for all things under the sun, and there is no harm at all in drinking several glasses of spirits or wine, if it is not done many days in succession. A man may get among men who are

fond of drinking and who despise one who does not drink, and *that is* when he will have to *suffer* if he wants to do good. Those men will tell him he is a man who thinks himself too good for them, and the best answer a man can give them is, that he is too good for them. There is nothing like truth. Those men do not readily forget what seems to them an insult, but they think and they wonder if after all it is a good thing to drink. Now the law that punishes men with headaches and confused ideas after drinking is usually called a law of nature. It is a law of God. He does it, and He does everything. There are no hells except what men are in now. This earth is hell at present to me. I can not find companions among men. I like them, and I talk to them, but they must excuse me for saying that they are not good enough for the Son of God. They may soon become so if

they will only try and believe that it is not Harold Brodrick who writes. It is God. Harold Brodrick is the instrument, and if he refused to write what I tell him, he would not be the child of God. Men are good enough for Harold Brodrick, but they are not good enough for Christ, and I have told you before that I and Christ are one. In those words are the mystery of God.

### CHAPTER III.

Will the people of the world who want to get out of the chrysalis state they now are in excuse me. Blessed is he whosoever is not offended with me. Please turn to the 24th chapter of Matthew. Read the 23d verse and the following verses. Don't be deceived by Harold Brodrick. Harold Brodrick is not **Christ**. He is a bastard who was a great sinner, and he murmured against God because of the troubles that came upon him. No, Harold Brodrick is only a name. He is what he is. And a man who is what he is, is **Christ**. Those are idle words, men may say. Poor fellow, they may say, he is in earnest but he is a little bit off his head!! Is God off his head? I think men had better

**not** express opinions until they understand the mystery of God. Men are nothing at all to God. If God said, Let all flesh on earth die. If He said it! My friends, He said it in the Spirit before this world was. God has died all the deaths that ever have been. The creation of the earth was a death of God, and out of the earth He came in the form of man. Man did not know what He was. But when Lord Jesus came, He said: "I come to preach the Gospel to the dead."

In the midst of life we are in death, people say; I say you never yet have been alive. God is not the God of the dead but of the living.

Jesus said to his disciples: Raise the dead, heal the sick, cleanse the the lepers and go out into all the world and preach the Kingdom to the dead. Do people think that he meant they were actually to restore life to men whom God had taken it from?

Do men think that Jesus was a man who did great signs and wonders? Do they think He wanted to deceive the elect? No; if men read what I have asked them to, they will see that it is false Christs who do signs and wonders. The true Christ is not a man who does conjuring tricks. When Jesus was on earth He never did a miracle of any kind. People should remember that some of His disciples were of the Hellenes. Now if people will kindly read Grecian mythology, they will find out all about the way those funny tales were written of Jesus after His death. Hercules or Heracles was born of a woman by the divine influence or conception of the god Zeus. Now that will give men an idea of how it came to be said that Jesus was born of Mary by the miraculous agency, or help I should say, of the Holy Ghost. It is all nonsense. Jesus was just as other men

are in the matter of birth. He raised men from the dead. It was beautiful, loving Jesus who helped to raise that miserable and tired sinner, Harold Brodrick, from the dead. Raising from the dead is a gradual process, and I am raising people from the dead now. I am the instrument and God is the power. Allow me to remind people of these words: "And they besought Him saying, Master, give us a sign." And He answering said, a wicked and adulterous generation seeketh a sign, but no sign shall be given except the sign of the coming of the Son of Man. Ah, yes! people say, as the lightning cometh out from the East and shineth even to the West, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be. That is a saying that suits people who are dead; they like it. It is quoted by them, and then they can go on with their heavy dinners and quote Scripture and talk

of things they do not understand. Heal the sick is what God does, and He healed me of a great sickness once. He uses men as his instruments. There are good doctors in the world, and those doctors are blessed by God in their work, and He helps them. If a man gets sick and believes that God can heal him, and asks Him to do so, he will get better at once. Not very suddenly, for God does not give sudden signs. Cleanse the lepers! Do men know that Harold Brodrick, several years ago, got what was incipient leprosy? I confess for the sake of all men. All your sins you shall confess before men, God said, in a loud voice, at Bury Street, excepting one sin. I obey God and I do my work. There was no sin in my having the first and second symptoms of that awful malady, but I was innocent and inexperienced and I was tempted to sin, and God afflicted me



with that. He intended I should go through it, and that is why He threw me into the way of getting it, in order that I may teach men. I have learnt all I teach by personal experience. Nearly three years of suffering that one sin cost me; not that there was much the matter with me, but because of the ridiculous tales I was told about its being incurable, and not appearing for years after its first and second stages. That is all wise man's theoretical bosh. A man knows perfectly well when he is cured of anything. If he lives properly and takes exercise and eats food that makes pure flesh, he can overcome any disease under the sun. If I had been told that by the men I was surrounded by, I should never have had that mental suffering. I was told it by Doctor Frend of Rosario, and by Dr. Hutchinson of London; and this is to thank them and to tell all men that they are men

who speak the truth. They would not have signed false certificates to get a few guineas and to put a child of God in prison. "They would not have put you in prison if I had been about," Doctor Frend said to me afterward, and I know that he meant it kindly, but still I was put in prison and no man was about to help me, because if they had been the word of God would not have been fulfilled.

A man knows when he is cured of anything, I have said, and he does if he will calmly reflect and examine himself. Tell himself the plain truth. Now most men whom I have met who also have had what I had are afraid to confess it, and they by acting in that manner undergo a considerable amount of mental torture. It is sometimes necessary, of course, that men should hide those things, especially when they get among the good and blameless people of the world, who are so in their own

estimation only. My uncle at Stratford-on Avon would not have associated with me if he had known of my misfortunes and sad experiences. He is far too good for fellows like Harold Brodrick. Yet he put, or helped to keep, I should say, Christ in prison. He did not expect to see Christ come out of a sinner. He forgot that story of the Prodigal Son. He forgot that God is alive still and is not God in name only. And he forgot that a man who truly repents of his sins, and tells God and men so, is sure of forgiveness from God. It must needs be that the Son of Man is betrayed and cast into prison and despised and rejected of men. All those things have been fulfilled in me. Now, why was it necessary that men should do all those things to me and treat me as they pleased without my resisting? Why did I suffer them to keep me in prison? I had to do it. God told me

and he placed me in their power and after he had done so he let me know that it was necessary, for it is written by the hand of man under the divine guidance of God that:—

“As Elias the prophet came and men knew him not, but did unto him whatsoever they would, likewise shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.”

I don't know in exactly what part of the New Testament that is, but it is there somewhere. Some men are very particular about quoting, and they quarrel and dispute about correct quotations and so on. I would remind men of the words of Jesus whether it is easier to say to a man, Rise, take up your bed and walk, or, Your sins are forgiven you. Now, there are a great many people in the world who suffer from imaginary complaints, and in olden days there were more. All those things have to

do with superstitions and want of education and travel.

Well, the man who Jesus told to take up his bed and get out of His way, and that he need not bother about his sins—they were forgiven as he confessed them—was a man who suffered from an imaginary complaint. He got nervous and ill because of his sins, and he came carried on a bed by his friends or something of the sort, and then something like I have told you happened.

I do not know exactly what gave rise to Jesus saying those words, but it was something of the kind. I have had that same class of sick folk about me in South America, and they come with their heads all tied up and look as if they expected to die every moment. And they talk about God and so on; and very possibly I, if they had bothered me about their sins, would have told them to get out of the way

and not bother me—that their sins were forgiven them. For every son of man's sins are forgiven as soon as confessed. Then we will suppose that one of these men came to me and was lying on a bed and I saw there was not much the matter with him. I should say, Now get up off that bed and carry it away. Then he would do so. Then if there were any "wise" men standing about who sought to catch me in my words, I might say to them whether it is easier to say, Take your bed and walk or get out of my way, or, Your sins are forgiven. Those things would each one have the effect of making the man get out of my way, and it is effect we want, not words.

It is those sayings of Jesus that gave rise to all those silly tales about His doing miracles. People really should consider before they talk nonsense. If Jesus did miracles in olden

days, what would be the use of men believing he came from God? And why did they seek him and ask for a sign? It is for the same reason that I, in these so-called civilized times, am asked to give a sign. If men want to follow men who give signs, they should go and worship Maskelyne and Cook in London and the jugglers of India and so on. I will ask those who read this not to be offended with my words. I am aware that there are many people in the world who believe in me, because when the Son of Man comes he shall find faith on the earth. It is not to that class of people I ever use any words that could wound their feelings. I talked of Indian jugglers and so on for the benefit of men like those Commissioners in Lunacy, who visited Munster prison on March 22, 1892. They told me then that if I was the Holy Ghost I could do a miracle for them. They wanted me to turn the carpet

red or flatter them with honeyed words, and they are getting their honeyed words now. They do not understand that the Holy Ghost is God and He is the spirit of truth that dwells in me and in all men who have truth in them. When I say the commissioners wanted me to turn the carpet red or flatter them with honeyed words, I speak metaphorically as regards the first saying, and literally as regards the second. I could have got out of that place at any time if I had told them they were fine fellows and had great wisdom, and told untruths and so on, but I did not want to tell untruths; and the truth is that they have no wisdom. They are fools; fools in the sight of God. "Harold Brodrick is the wise man and they are the fools." God spoke those words at Bury street, and the meaning of them is that I was wise because I trusted Him, and those who did not



believe in me are fools who do not know what is the best way of living.

Wonderful men say: "Dear me, this Harold Brodrick has some very clever theories." Then they put down my writings and go on doing what I have told them they shall not do. I am nothing, but GOD is. He even allows and makes me speak of Him in an irreverent way in order to warn men that their time is come. They shall practise what they were told by Jesus to practise, or else I shall watch and come to them quickly, not in spirit only, but in fact. I have written of people in England and in Australia and in New Zealand. And now I say again, He who receives me not receives not God who sent me, and God will punish them. Blessed is he that is not offended with me.

W. W. Totheroh is the pastor of the Hyde Park Presbyterian church, and he professes to be a minister of

God. I have told men that it is my duty to speak plainly. I shall do so.

I called upon Mr. Totheroh and I told him that God had spoken with me and sent me to teach, and all that I could do to let him see that I am the Son of Man I did. He sat with an incredulous look upon his face and he was very polite, but that sort of thing is not going to be accepted by God. Just imagine a man professing to be the minister of God, and he hears news of his Creator, and beside him stood Christ, and he did not know him or realize the meaning of his words. He is a hearer of the word and not a doer, and he only preaches in order to gain his living. He shall not pose any more as a minister of God; he shall be what he is, *i. e.*, a man who does his best, but who has got a lot to learn. I told him the other night that if men did not believe me neither did they believe in God who sent me;

and he said that was true, and he agreed with me when I said that I must speak the plain truth and he said that it would offend people, but that could not be avoided. He has never come near me since to hear news of God. If he had come I would have him a teacher of the truth, and not allowed him to go on teaching what he has not the knowledge to understand. He shall learn that the servant is not greater than his master. This is only his first baptism of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of truth; except he do the will of God.

“There shall be no churches.”

People know right from wrong, and they know that public praying is contrary to the teachings of Jesus, and they should help me in my work; and if they believe in God, let them begin now and do His will. There is no harm in people meeting together and having

sacred music and singing hymns, but there is harm in praying publicly in churches or anywhere else. If people want to go on after what I tell them they can, of course, do so until God comes to my help, and that He has promised to do. "They shall all come round to your views," He said at Bury street, and men will see that He keeps His word.

## CHAPTER IV.

“There shall be no wise men.”

I have told you that before and I am going to smash into little pieces all superstitious customs and doctrines of the men who are called wise on this earth.

God said: “I come into this world that they who see may be made blind, and they that see not shall see.” Now, those who are of that class who think they see their way clearly are bishops, kings, priests, atheists, and so on. Now they have been blinded by God. He has allowed them to go on expounding the Scriptures and pretending that they can teach, and all the time it has simply been a case of the blind leading the blind, and they are all fallen into the ditch. Now I am not going to trample on these peo-

ple who have so fallen, but I am going to clear them out of the way. To-day is Friday, November the 18, 1892, and on Friday Jesus was crucified on the cross. On Friday, the Second Christ was put into prison. On Friday, he wrote a letter to the Commissioners in Lunacy, and on that day it was that God told him that God is God and He is the devil. He is God to believers, and He is the devil to unbelievers. I am the devil now and I am going to fight against those I formerly led on. The Prince of this world was the devil and he is dying now, and the Prince of Peace is coming with healing in his wings. In plain language I will state that God is not going to deceive the nations any more for a thousand years, and when the thousand years are expired Satan shall be loosed once more and he shall go out to deceive the nations. People can read that in the Book of

Revelation. God told me about it while I was in Munster House. And if God can say exactly when Satan shall be loosed, men can see that He is Satan and appears under that name in order that men may do what He wishes them to.

Now I shall tell you about the death of my brother Jesus.

“Jesus told men of His day that it must needs be that the Son of Man should be killed and delivered up and crucified and that He should rise the third day from the dead. He thought that those words applied to Himself. God told him to say them, and God did so as a blind. They are perfectly true, but they are not so in the sense that has been understood by the clergy of England, and by most people of the earth. Now people must excuse me. God is going to humble them and teach them that He spoke the truth when He said that the

wisdom of men is foolishness with God. God treats the people of the earth just as a lot of funny little creatures that He has made for His own pleasure. He humbled me to the dust before He exalted me, and I am going to ask those who read just to try and bow their heads to God and say, we are poor and weak; have mercy upon us and let us be with Harold Brodrick in the kingdom of God. If men will say that and really try to do something, I can promise them that God will let them into Heaven. Before I tell the truth about Jesus I may mention that we all have been deceived in one way or another, and it is not clergymen alone who have been misled in their ideas. They have tried to teach the Scriptures because God wanted them to, and others have said there is no God because He wanted them to, and others have pulled long faces and talked of those who



are dead having gone to Heaven, and among that class Harold Brodrick was. He has mourned many years in silence for his dead mother. Those who read this need not think that he makes fun of their sorrows. God allowed us to have that idea about people going to Heaven after death because He knew it would comfort us in our sorrows, and He has hidden the truth until now, as He knows that people are now arrived at a state when they prefer to know the plain, unconcealed truth.

When God made them write that about Jesus saying that the Son of Man must be delivered up and killed and crucified, it referred to the Sons of Man to whom those things have happened. Son of Man is a collective term and anything that happens to any man on earth happens to the Son of Man. Yet notwithstanding that, those words were also fulfilled by

Jesus. He was delivered up and crucified and He died. Yes, Jesus died; but in spirit only, not in fact. He died a death to sin, and He was not come to a true knowledge of what God is until after He had been crucified. He rose from the dead on the third day. Now the fact is that He did nothing of the kind in the way the word dead is used to-day by men. He was a dead man all his life until he was crucified and died to sin. Sin in man is death. Remove sin and man will live on forever, provided of course that not even a threat of death by the hand of man will turn him from God. Jesus therefore rose from the dead gradually and He rose on the third day, counting from any time since the creation of the earth. He was in the world, not as Jesus, but as the Son of Man, from the creation. The Son of Man coming was Noah in his ark, and then a period of over

two thousand years, by the dates of men, elapsed. All that time the Son of Man had been coming, and then He came and was called Jesus. Under that name the Scriptures up to that time were fulfilled. Jesus was not a perfect man or nearly perfect. He was a sinner. He did not commit sins of any moment. He resisted temptation and for God's purposes He did not tempt Jesus as He has tempted men of our own times. Jesus was a man learned in certain things only, and He was not nearly so advanced in knowledge of earthly things as many men of to-day are. It is not a knowledge of earthly things alone that will get men into Heaven. They must fast and watch and pray. Jesus fasted not as a ceremonial as the clergy of England and others fast. He fasted in order to keep down His passions. Jesus was a beautiful, glorious fellow and many people of His day

loved him, and many were His temptations. They told Him, as they have told me, that He was mad. They asked Him to do miracles, and they reviled Him because He would not and could not. He had no companions who were worthy of Him. They did, for personal motives of gain, pretend to worship God and follow Jesus. We all know how He was forsaken when His hour of trial came. The clergy of His day were against Him and they were present at His crucifixion. We all know how since that time all kinds of false prophets and false ministers and false Christs have arisen, and there is a false Christ not far from me as I write this. He shall confess before all men that he is a Son of ———  
Never mind, I come not to condemn.

There is a time for all things under the sun, and I will try this man who says he is Christ; possibly he only means that the spirit of Christ is in

him, and that may be so. There are more men than Harold Brodrick knows of who may yet be Christs.

“Behold I send you wise men and prophets, and some of them you shall crucify and some of them you shall put to death.”

Can men not see in those words that God knows exactly what is going on? Jesus was crucified because God wanted Him to be, but at that moment God was acting as Satan and He intended that Jesus should suffer. Then when that awful agony had been endured by Jesus and He had endured a worse death than those who were with Him died in fact, God came to Him quickly and saved Him, and blinded, metaphorically speaking, those who were lookers-on. God keeps His promises, and if He had allowed Jesus to die, in fact, for one single second of time, His promise to Jesus and to us would have been made

of no effect. "He that believeth in me shall never die, but shall pass from death into life." Jesus was the first man who was by God considered worthy of everlasting life. Harold Brodrick is the second man whom God has in His most heavenly goodness allowed to enter into His kingdom. He also died and suffered like Jesus, but God gave him strength just to be able to endure what troubles came upon him. For years Harold Brodrick said:

"All I desire is to die." Yes, he wanted to die, but something kept him, and that something was God.

Now, men may say that if Jesus knew that He had not to die, there was nothing in His offer of death. Well, the fact is that Jesus did know that in some way or another God with His infinite wisdom would save Him, but He remembered that the Lord is Lord even of His own words

and with God all things are possible. Jesus died in spirit and He suffered all the agonies of death; therefore He suffered death not in spirit only, but in fact. Yet he never lost consciousness; as the one spirit in Him died, its place was taken by the spirit of the Holy Ghost.

Now, for many years the people of what is called the English Church have repeated a creed, and every Sunday morning in England it is customary for them to say: "I believe in God and in Jesus His only Son, who was crucified, dead and buried. He descended into hell. The third day He rose again from the dead. He shall come again to judge both the quick and the dead."

It is something of that sort, they say. I am not a man who goes in for quoting to the letter; neither would I be a Son of God if I did. Sons of God judge men by their intentions and

actions, and not by their words and promises. Words by a clever man can be twisted about, but people are just to read what I write, and the ideas they receive from me are true.

Now, that English creed is the most utter rubbish and nonsense, and it is parrot's talk to God. He pays just as much attention to a parrot talking as He does to those ridiculous words of that creed. A parrot might be taught to say them, and why people should not only disobey God by praying publicly, but repeat the most nonsensical bosh once or twice a week, it is easy to understand. I have done it myself. I did not do it often; I saw it was a custom and I followed it, but then as I got along in my ideas I asked myself if I did believe in God. And I asked myself where the hell could be that Jesus descended into. And I want to know how men can talk about Jesus coming



again to judge the quick and the dead. If Jesus were to come now, men would find that He is something so very different in ideas to what we are that they would be so far beneath Him that He could not possibly associate with them.

It is about two thousand years since He ascended up into God and went to live on another planet. Yes, two thousand years; and we are only now beginning to understand of heavenly things what He knew then. He is about two thousand years ahead of us in His knowledge of God.

Men say we don't think anything of a man who comes as Christ, and he cannot punish with death; neither does he know all things. Now I will just tell men one thing. If I had had power given me by God to punish with sudden death, I would have walked out of Munster House over the dead bodies of every man who

came in my way. I asked God to strike Bateman, the doctor. I called to him and said: "Father, strike this man! Strike him, Father!" And God answered in tones that were heard not by Bateman alone, but by many people: "Harold Brodrick, when I gave you power over men, the first thing you did was to call upon me to strike them! If you call upon me to strike them *I will strike you!*"

A nice sort of thing it would be if God sent a man who went about the earth and punished with sudden death all who did not believe. The mystery of God would then cease. Men would be terrified. All work would be done with fear and trembling and I should be hated of all men. I do not want men to hate me or fear me. I would rather suffer and allow things to go on, for I know that with God all things work together for the building up of His Kingdom of Heaven.

## CHAPTER V.

The English people and people of other countries keep Good Friday as a day of remembrance of the crucifixion of Lord Jesus, and they call Sunday the Lord's day, and they say that the resurrection of Jesus took place on that day. I know from experience, and I know because at the present moment I have got the *Encyclopædia Britannica* before me. It is a standard English work, and a fairly good work it is; on ordinary subjects its information is reliable. It is not my intention to say where mistakes occur in that book, or set of books, until the time comes. Now if Jesus died on Friday and rose on Sunday, late on Friday it must have been, because He suffered many hours, according to the account given, and He rose either

before Sunday or early on that day; because when Mary came to the sepulchre she found it empty. Such being the accounts given, He clearly, according to their own showing, did rise just about a day and a half after He died. Now I only mention that to show how ridiculous it is for clergymen to preach that nonsense about His death and resurrection. They take a narrow view of death and resurrection. Before Jesus died He said, "I am the resurrection." The people of the world, at present in it, are the dead and they are the resurrection. God does not do things for the benefit of one man alone, and all men can get everlasting life who are prepared to fight their way on as Jesus did, and as I have done.

Sunday is a day that is no more sacred than any other day, and all men have the word of Christ, which proceeds from the God-head, that

they can rest on any day they please. They can do just what they like on Sunday. The Son of Man is Lord of the Sabbath day. Those words were spoken by Jesus, and they mean that every man is free to do just as he pleases. Circumstances and his conscience, which is God, will guide him on. He will pray to God when he wants help. He will not pray at any fixed hour or upon any special day. So far as I myself am concerned I did not pray to God more than a few times in about fifteen years. I talk to God now, and although He does not speak to me, I know that He hears me always and is speaking to me by the mouths of my fellowmen and women. Therefore, we now have a new commandment from God that:

There shall be no day of rest appointed.

I just want to say a few words on the subject of my praying and about

a day of rest, in order that I may not be misunderstood.

I love God and adore Him. I often now kneel before God and talk to Him and tell Him how I am working and trying my best to get people to believe in me. I do so because I like to. God told me in Munster House that for two months I must not pray to Him. That was a terrible trial to me. I will say more of that later. People need not think that I go and pray to God during the day, because I only have done so, on my knees that is, once in my life that I remember, and that was on the steamer "Kai-koura" going out to New Zealand. I felt so lonely and so tired of wandering about, and I was so weary of all the questions people asked me as to who I was, and if I was related to Lord Midleton and so on, that I went to my cabin and prayed to God and told Him that I could bear it no

longer. Now He gave me immediate relief at that same moment, and I knew He had heard me. A broken and a contrite spirit God does not despise. When I pray to God I do so sometimes at night, sometimes as I sit at my writing table, sometimes when men persecute me. I can not resist, you see. Men can come and strike me and call me fool and liar and impostor and threaten me with law, and God will allow them to go on and their reward is death—not sudden death, but a natural death caused by God. I say they die. They do not do so because of me or for my sake, but I mean that all men who differ from me and persistently refuse to follow and do as I say are on the way to return to the dust from which they came.

A day of rest is very necessary to all men. Men who are employers of labor and who work those they em-

ploy long hours and on every day are miserable, barbarous creatures—not only that, but they are fools. The only way for men to get work done properly is to treat those under them as if they were of the same ideas as they themselves are. If a man acts upon that, he will do to others as he would be done by, and thus fulfill the law of God.

As to the number of hours men should work it is a matter that no fixed law can decide. It depends upon the class of work they do and upon the wages they get and upon the place they are working in. Man is not a machine, and his own judgment should tell him what work suits him and what hours he can work. I know that a liberal policy in the matters of rest and wages is the best for employers of labor to adopt. I have worked men and I have worked with them at manual labor, and I know



that if they are properly treated they will work in a manner that those who try to treat them as machines do not understand. I have always made a lot more money out of my contracts than many other men, and the reason was that I always fed my men well and induced them to buy clothes and dress neatly; and in fact my policy with all men is to try and raise them up instead of trampling on them. A man who is a leader of men or a manager of them must be unbending in his will. If he says a thing is to be done and any man comes and says it would be better to do it in another way, he should listen and then decide for himself. There is no harm in listening to what men have to say. But a leader of men need only listen to God in matters that are above the understanding of the men of this world. There can be only one leader of men of that kind on earth, and he

is Christ. When Harold Brodrick worked men he made them do his will. He made them do it and he made them like him, and that was a thing they seldom did until they had got to know him. He worked hard, they said, and yet he remembers now of an occasion that will illustrate what he has said.

When Harold Brodrick was in the Pampas of South America, he had charge of engineers and of about twenty-eight peons. Now those peons were a mixed lot of Gauchos and half-breeds and Cordovases. They did not work well at all, and the engineer who preceded me in that work was afraid of those men and he told me that if I pushed them they would possibly put a knife through me. They all carried knives. I carried a revolver and I told those men that if they did not do my will I would shoot them like dogs as soon as they at-

tempted to draw a knife on me. I would never have shot a man to kill him. I would never have fired at him at all unless driven to it to defend myself. And now I would not raise my hand against any man if I knew he was going to stab me. As a man's day is, so shall his strength be if he believes in himself and his good intentions. I knew that those men would soon find out that my will must be done, and that in doing it they would become happy. They threatened me and so on, but I did not care. I made them work as they had never worked before, and I gave them good food and plenty of it, and I talked to them and I got my reward. I was thanked for the way I had done that work, and those men stood round me one day at the close of the work and many of them said that if I would allow them they would come to Rosario and continue working for me in

any way I pleased. I had no work to give them. I, of course, in town did not require men of their class.

Now I have told men that I worked hard and I did. My idea is that a man should work hard while he is at it. Then when he feels tired let him rest. That applies to either mental or bodily work. Some men never look ahead of them for more than a week or two, and of that class there are many in the world. Men should try to look years and years ahead and remember that the sufferings of the present time are not to be compared to the things that are revealed to them. Men should save money and travel and get out of a groove. They should go out on the ocean in steamers and it will help to educate them and to let them see God in His glorious way that He appears to me now. I do not blame men who doubt me. I did not know what God was myself,

until Good Friday, the 15th of April, 1892. I had heard His voice and so on, but I did not know He was all round me and I in Him and He in me. Jesus told men that years ago, and He did not know what God was in fact until He died in spirit.

I have spoken of my not resisting if a man wanted to kill me. Could a man kill me? No! God would not allow him to do so. He would turn his thoughts from that purpose.

## CHAPTER VI.

Now I will ask those who seek to know the truth just to kindly turn to the 6th chapter of St. John. They can read there of a miracle Jesus did and more than one. They can read of His distributing a few loaves of bread and two fishes among thousands of people. Now there are many men who have preached the word of God for years and they preach that Jesus actually did those miracles there written.

There are always ways of showing whether writings are true or not. If you will please read the 14th verse of the chapter I have mentioned, you will see that it is there said that those men when they had seen those miracles believed in Jesus and said, "Of a truth this man is that prophet that

should come into the world." They state plainly that Jesus gave them a sign and they believed. That was said of thousands of people.

Now men who tell untruths and write fiction and pretend it is true, always contradict themselves.

John, who is called "Saint John," contradicts his statements about those miracles and signs in the very same chapter and the 30th verse. It is there stated that the same men who had seen the miracles and signs and who were satisfied that Jesus had done those things said to him: "What sign showest thou then that we may see and believe thee? What dost thou work?"

I have said enough to show any man of common sense that even the men who told those silly tales about miracles contradicted their own statements. Those who read this need not think that I think them very

stupid for believing that Jesus did miracles, if they do so. Harold Brod-  
rick used to believe that, but he did  
so because he took the word of  
clergymen about those things and in  
days past he thought that they really  
were called by God to teach. It is so  
in one way. Every one has a mission  
in the world, and the mission of  
clergymen has not been to teach the  
truth. They have done their best; let  
no man laugh at them. We all have  
been deceived in some way or another  
by the old serpent who is the Prince  
of this world. Yet that deceit is  
only done to lead men on and let  
them learn by experience, and when  
men learn how beautiful and how  
glorious my most merciful and good  
Father is, and how He makes all  
things work together for good, they  
will no longer be angry and they will  
not like to think of Him as the serpent.  
They will adore him and say, "Father,



had we only known we would never have transgressed Thy laws."

That is just it; none of us have known what God is, and we need not be ashamed to confess our sins. Every man on earth is a sinner, and he is so because God wants him to be, and He wants men to overcome those sins. He has fixed laws; He never changes. People may weep and mourn, and pray and be faint-hearted, and say they have done very wonderful works. It is no good their telling me those things. Death is the thing that tells me all I require to know about men's works. If a man has not overcome sin he has not overcome death, and sin is the cause of death. Oh, well, men say, we will keep out of the way of temptation. That is no use; you must overcome your desires to sin.

In the same chapter of John of which I have written, it is said that

the Jews murmured against Jesus because He said that He was the bread from Heaven. In those words, if men are quick at perception, they will see what kind of bread Jesus fed multitudes with. It was with the bread of Heaven. That is the word of God.

In the same chapter Jesus told them that their fathers did eat bread in the wilderness and were dead; and He went on to say that if a man did eat of the heavenly bread he should not die. Again, in the same chapter, Jesus said: Except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood you have no life in you. Now, men we know think that taking what is called the sacrament, that is, eating some bread and drinking or tasting wine, is a thing that was ordained by Jesus in order that they might by so doing eat of His flesh and drink His blood in a spiritual sort of way. Now, they are mistaken. Jesus never started any

ceremonial of any kind. He was a nice, kind, quiet fellow, and He, no doubt, was amused often at the way His sayings were misinterpreted. All men eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of Man every day; that is, if they eat and drink at all, and most of us do that every day. The wisdom of God is something that men can form no conception of, and the way men's conceit has led them to put a wrong and ridiculous construction on His words is marvelous.

Our flesh is made up of what we eat, and so was the flesh of Jesus. If we stop eating we lose flesh. Therefore our flesh is made up of what we eat. Therefore the flesh of the Son of Man is meat and drink. When we eat and drink we, therefore, do clearly eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of Man.

I am aware that many men will think those words of mine are clever

and blasphemous. They must excuse me. I know more of God than any man on earth, and God treats us as little children, and if we accept that position we are amused and pleased at the way He has made fools of those who have invented all kinds of ceremonies and things simply for motives of personal gain.

All ceremonials were originally started from a mistaken idea of what God requires of men. I said just now they were started for motives of personal gain, but that is only so in some cases. It is our want of education that has led us into mistakes and so on, and for my part I laugh at those funny things I used to do and say that I don't pretend to be very wise; and I know I did silly things, but I did not know any better. I advise all men to say the same. I do not bear ill-will to any man, and if I write what seems to be against the clergy, it is only

to guide people into the way of truth. Clergymen are not bad sort of fellows—they are just as good as other men, but they must now leave off preaching what is not true and they must do what I tell them, or else I will soon teach them who Christ is. He is not to be trifled with. Men will not read his writings and throw them away very often, because God knows how to protect the man whom he has sent.

Harold Brodrick was never confirmed and he has taken the sacrament once only. He remembers very well that when he was at Invercargill a bishop of the name of Nevill called, and there was some talk before that of confirming Harold Brodrick. So when he heard that the bishop was in the house he went and hid himself in a hay loft until the coast was clear. People must excuse my slang. I am only what the English call sometimes

"a horrid colonial." They never called me that, but I have heard the expression used by them about other colonials, and Harold Brodrick takes upon himself the sins of "the Son of Man." If people attack the least among God's children they do it to me.

Now I have told you before that as a child Harold loved God, and yet his hiding in the loft will tell people how he regarded bishops. In those days Harold would not have hidden from anyone who came from God, and although he then professedly believed that ministers were called to their work by God, yet in his heart he can not have done so; because it is a man's actions that show his true feelings, and the same thing applies to children. I love little children and they come to me and are not afraid of me, and that is because God lets them know that my love is true.

I do not think that I ever met a man or a woman or a child in my life who loved a bishop in their hearts, or a clergyman. It is customary among people to talk of those men and say that they are good, earnest men and so on, but that is all hypocrisy and cant. There are hundreds and more than hundreds of clergy in England now who can barely live, and yet people will say they are good, deserving men. Now, if they thought so from their hearts they would soon find a way to relieve them of their poverty. It is actions, not words, that show the spirit of the nations. People are tired of ceremonies and of clergy who dress in black clothes and pretend to lead blameless lives. God created people for purposes that we can see and for His own pleasure, and all men do just exactly what He pleases; and the time has come when they are going to do without clergymen. They shall

have teachers of men who live in an ordinary way and who do not dress in uniforms and pull long faces and talk about the awful sins of the people. There are good sort of parsons in the world and the best of them has got a lot to learn before he can get into Heaven. They have tried to take the mote out of our eyes and they have got beams in their own. God loves sinners and He hates parsons of a class.

They have for years taught the Scriptures and yet they know not of what they teach. Jesus never taught men that they should go to Heaven after death or Hell either. I know all about those places that exist only in the imaginations of men. I myself, as Harold Brodrick, thought Heaven was some place where people went after death. But the moment I looked into a Bible I could see clearly that Jesus never taught any such doctrine.



When speaking of John the Baptist, He is reported to have said that a greater man than John had not yet arisen among prophets, but He said: "The least in the Kingdom of Heaven is greater than John." That shows clearly that Jesus knew men of John's class had no chance of Heaven at all. If, therefore, John, who was a leader among men, had no chance of getting into the Kingdom of Heaven, it is obvious that none of John's followers can possibly enter in unless they change their ways. There are people to-day who follow John the Baptist, and if they read the account given of him they will see that he dressed in skins and had a girdle round his waist. He was a man who preached about the country, and in appearance he was something like an American Indian. He lived on locusts and honey. Now, locust was the name of a fruit in those days.

## BAPTISM OF CHILDREN.

Baptism of children with water is all nonsense. Children who come into the world are just as much entitled to the Kingdom of Heaven as any parson or other man. Sprinkling water on a child's face and making a cross on it is only an outward and visible sign, and outward and visible signs are all nonsense. A man can go on crossing himself all his days and he may be baptized once a week, and confirmed twice a month, and pray from morning until evening, and dress in black silk and look as holy and good as his ideas allow him, and he will end in death. Ceremonies and forms don't go for anything with God. People must grow out of all those sort of things before they are nearly fit for Heaven.

I believed in some of those things

until quite lately, so don't please despair. Every man and woman living to-day has yet got time to enter into Heaven and everlasting life if they believe in me, and that means in God who sent me. In speaking of the Reverend Roland Cardwell I said, It is too late; he cannot enter now. I used those words to show people that words can mean anything sometimes. It is true that Roland Cardwell cannot enter now, in his present state, but he can enter if he repents, and any man can do so.

## CHAPTER VII.

Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him.—REV. i., 7.

Those words are only a blind, and yet in them there is wisdom, and it is for that reason they are a blind to those who are not yet in the Kingdom of God. They are not a blind to me. I understand them quite well and they mean that there shall be clouds in Heaven; that is, round about the earth; for when people in England look up to what they call Heaven, they are looking in a diametrically opposite direction to those in New Zealand, who, at the same moment, may be looking into Heaven. Yes, it means there shall be clouds in the sky during the coming of the Son of

Man, collectively speaking and literally also in my case; for during my lifetime I have seen the clouds, and I have been coming all my life. That sounds quite simple and childish, and it is the true meaning of the words, No man can enter into the Kingdom except he is as a child. God spoke those words, and He meant them. The Kingdom is not for wise men who never laugh or joke, or take pleasure in life; it is for children.

And every eye shall see Him. That refers to the Sons of Man. Every man or child or woman who has seen a man has seen the Son of Man. Therefore, "every eye shall see Him" has been literally fulfilled. Yes; some men may say, but there are children who have died without seeing a man. Well, "Son of Man" is a term that includes women also; for woman came out of and is part of man.

"And they also which pierced

Him." Those who pierced Him saw Him when they did that deed, therefore those words are fulfilled.

"All kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him." They have done so. They will continue to do so. It is because of the actions of men and women and what happens to them that weeping and wailing is caused. Therefore all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of the "Son of Man." Those words shall be literally fulfilled in another way. God is everything. He is the "Son of Man," and something more; and all kindreds have weiled because of God and they will do so again. All people must have sorrow until they are in the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Son of Man, Harold Brodrick, also came with clouds in another way. On Monday, the 19th of October, 1891, he went to the public telegraph office in London, and he handed

cables in which were to be sent to many parts of the world, and those cables announced that he was the messenger of God. At the time he did that there were clouds in Heaven and the whole sky was overcast and it rained steadily for some time. He came with clouds. He handed in messages to the President of the United States and to the Governors of the English colonies, and to the Prince of Wales, and with those messages he handed in one that was an ordinary business telegram to Otto Bemberg, of Buenos Ayres. It told him simply that Harold Brodrick did not intend to buy the Elortondo colony which he had formerly proposed to do. They took those messages after having refused many times, and they thought I did not know what I was doing because I called Jesus my brother; and then, because in another of the messages I said He was my

father; and then in another I said I was the son of Christ. Now Jesus taught men about two thousand years ago that he who believed in Him was His son and brother and father and sister and mother. Those words mean, in the Spirit. They did not send my messages although they promised to do so. It took me from about ten o'clock in the morning until five in the evening to get those messages out of my hands. I was determined that they should take them. I made them do so by persuasion. They looked solemn until they came to one addressed to the Fiji Islands, and then they smiled, and said that there was no wire to Fiji.

I was pretty well aware of that fact but they might, nevertheless, have wired it to New Zealand, and sent it from there by post. However, that is of no consequence. All I wanted was to let men see I was in earnest,



and to make them understand that I was the messenger of God. I also sent messages to that effect to R. M. Dodington of Horsington House, Temple Combe, Somerset; to Arthur Sightbody of 2 Greenbank drive, Sefton Park, Liverpool; to Major Percy Groves, of Candie, Guernsey. To Thomas Paul Potts of Bishopton, Stratford on-Avon; to Frederick Barge, who at the time was at 14 Porchester Square, London; to Whitley Martin, of Bates, Stokes & Co., Liverpool. To all of those I sent messages saying that I was the messenger of God, and because they had been kind to me they should have their reward; or something to that effect was said in all excepting one. That did not mean I was going to reward them. Any act of kindness is rewarded by God and I only said that about rewards because I was inspired to do so. It made them think I did

not know what I was about. I did not know then that it would have that effect. I thought every one would be delighted to hear of God. People talk of belief in God. They know He has promised to send a man to them, and they are told he shall come as the messenger of God. Yet when he came the people thought him mad. It has ever been so. It was so with Jesus. It was so with Paul. Yet I do not blame those who doubted me. They did not know any better. It was the will of God that they should not receive me then. So let no man say a word against those to whom my messages were sent. Some of them have been exceedingly kind to me, and they are just as good as I am, only their ideas are not the same on certain subjects. They must change their views, not because I am any one, but because it is the will of God.

One of the messages I sent was a

surprise to the man who received it. He was my uncle, Thomas P. Potts of Stratford-on-Avon. I told him, that because when I sought rest on earth I found it in his house, that he should have his reward. Then I added: "And this is your reward; that you tell all people I am the messenger of God, and do not neglect your own duties for you have got much to learn."

That was a regular surprise for Mr. Potts. He is a man who thinks that he is very good, and he goes to church and prays publicly and makes his servants go to church, and made me go to church, and in fact he is a regular out and out Christian according to his ideas and the ideas of those who use him as an instrument whereby they can live without doing much work. They tell him that he is such a good man and so on, and they come to his prayers that he

has in the morning before breakfast and so on. Then he gives them dinners or gives money to their poor or does some equally foolish things. It was because of all those things I told him that he had much to learn. God let me start that message by saying that about my having had rest and about his having his reward, and He made me then say that the reward was of a kind that Mr. Potts little expected. It taught Mr. Potts that men get their rewards in this world and that their rewards may be the rewards of iniquity or hypocrisy. Mr. Potts also got that letter because God intended I should be put in prison, and He wanted my relations to put me there, in order to show them that He spoke the truth when He said a man's enemies shall be of his own household. In their hearts the Potts's had always been my enemies. At any time in my connection with them,

had I shown them my true nature and ideas of living and doing good, they would have been against me.

Yet they are not bad fellows. There are many men who would do well to follow Mr. Potts. He does try hard to do good. I have stayed in his house and received kindness from him, and once he gave me a present of two hundred pounds. But he spoiled that gift by showing me afterward he did not trust me. I have offered to return that money, and I may do so yet.

I have spoken about people coming to the prayers my uncle has before breakfast, and that is not quite the truth. I referred to his housekeeper, Miss Ennals, and to some of her followers who occasionally drop in and take of my uncle's good things and pretend to be very "good." Miss Ennals reads the prayers, and she reads papers called "Great Thoughts,"

and she does so, I am afraid, only in order to appear "good." She will not longer deceive my uncle. He is far too good for people of her class, and yet if he is willing she should remain with him, no one has any right to say she shall not. Every man is free to do as he pleases, and I also intend to teach people their proper places in the world, and it is not for housekeepers to read prayers to men of the standing that are sometimes visitors in Mr. Potts' house. There is no occasion to have prayers at all, and all that sort of public worship shall cease.

I have mentioned that I handed a cable in to the telegraph office addressed to the Prince of Wales. I, on the day before that, which was Sunday, wrote a letter to the Prince and I, in it, told him I wanted him to get me an interview with his mother, as I came as the messenger of God

and I wished to ask her certain things. I put that letter in my pocket and I walked down to Marlborough House where the Prince lives. There were sentries strutting about and all that sort of thing, but I walked straight in and they touched their caps to me, and I asked the first man I met to tell the Prince I wished to see him. I gave him my card and on it I wrote, above my name, that I came "In the name of God." I was shown into a waiting-room and then some one came and asked my business. I told him it was with the Prince. He looked a little bit silly and then he said, in rather a cheeky sort of way, that I could not see the Prince and that the Prince never saw those he did not know. I do not discuss those questions. I gave him the letter, and my having previously written it will show people that God directs my ways. He knew the Prince

would not see me. I did not know. I thought he would see me if he was in. The name of Brodrick is pretty well known in England. Charles II., King of England, granted estates to a Brodrick for being instrumental in his restoration to the throne. Was that Brodrick an ancestor of Harold Brodrick? We shall soon see. God knows how to put down the mighty from their seats, and He has told me something that will make that very distinguished gentleman called Lord Middleton open his eyes. Mr. Prince of Wales shall also learn that he is not almighty, and that he can be put down from his seat. Harold Brodrick can't do it, but the people can, and if they are going to turn away the man who comes from God, then they also turn away God, who sent him. And that sort of thing God will not allow. When the time comes Mr. Prince of Wales shall give place.



Has not God said, I will put down the mighty from their seats and I will exalt the humble and meek? He will do so. He always keeps His word. I know how soon it shall be, and that is as soon as it is God's will. When that is we shall see.

When Noah and his sons were the only living men, who did the earth belong to? Where were your bastard kings and princes then? They were not. The earth belongs to God and I am His Son, and I have come to show people the way to peace and happiness. God gives us the earth as our inheritance; let us try and show God that we will try to make it a home of peace and quietness. Wars and rumors of wars must cease. All strife must cease. We must all work together as brothers and as dear children. "Be at rest," was the message I tried to send all over the world, at my coming more than a year ago, and

as I could not get it sent I repeat it now, and it shall go forth all over the world, and not only so, but soon all nations and tongues shall cease from troubling and they some day shall be at rest in God. Some shall fall asleep, some shall enter into the Kingdom and be priests of God and of Christ and shall live and reign a thousand years. Over them death has no power.

In the first volume of the "Son of Man," I said that it was a foolish thing of me to announce myself as the messenger of God. I said that in order to teach people that all things are a matter of opinion. In the opinion of those who put me in a lunatic asylum, I was acting foolishly in announcing myself as God's messenger, and I humbled myself and said I was foolish in order to help on my release from Munster House. According to their opinions, therefore, I

wrote that. In my opinion and the opinion of God who sent me, I was acting as I should have done. Therefore men can see how easy it is for me to blind those who do not believe. I told some of them it was foolish of me, and they thought I meant that I considered it so and that was one reason I was released. I humbled myself and spoke from their point of view, and all men should do that sort of thing to avoid disputes and to pacify those who are not so blessed by God as to have come to a knowledge of wisdom. Some men may call that deceit, and it is. I do deceive my enemies. It took me just under eight months in prison to learn that God wished me to so fight my enemies. In me, as I have said before, are the seven spirits of God that are out in the world, and as my day is, so does He give me the necessary spirit to fight. There is no combination of

men who can fight the seven spirits of God. They are seven and yet one. And likewise there are many Gods and yet all are one. They all receive life from the one glorious being who is so wise, so kind and so good to the man-child who is happy to write these words. His glorious majesty I can not see. A little I have seen; enough to know that we who here below strive to gain a knowledge of His power, can never know of His great love. It is those who trust and do not ask to see that distant scene or seek to know too much of what can never be. 'Tis they who work and watch and pray that gain the victory. So let us try to work our way until at last we stand before his Christ. Let women come and be God's angels. When shall it be? When shall I hear the angels sing their sweet songs to God? Those things shall be in time to come.

## CHAPTER VIII.

This is the 21st of November. Yesterday was Sunday, and I went to the Episcopal church, near the corner of Fiftieth street. I heard Dr. Brixby preach, and he said words to the effect that Christ, at His first coming did not do signs. He spoke the truth. In the evening I again heard him, and he preached about Christ feeding the multitudes with five loaves and two fishes. He said it was a sign of His great power.

I need only say that those people who listen to Dr. Brixby are just as bad and worse than he himself is. A man who preaches two different doctrines respecting Christ, on the same day, is not going to continue doing so while Christ is about, unless he wants to be held up to the ridicule of the people of this earth.

I will just mention another thing about parsons. The other day in England I heard a parson preach that the proof that Jesus was the Messiah was in His being descended in a direct line from David. Now the same morning he repeated the parrot creed about Jesus being conceived miraculously. They first preach that Jesus was the son of Joseph, and then they say He was a miraculous child.

I shall now go on to tell you about my imprisonment. On Wednesday morning, the 21st of October, 1891, I got up, and after having washed and dressed, I went into my sitting-room. (That was in Bury street.) I found my cousin, Radford Potts, there, and a strange looking man with him. These two invited themselves to breakfast with me. Or, I suppose Radford Potts invited the man who was with him. I found in a few minutes that they thought I was mad,

and this man was there to watch me. I had done nothing excepting what I have said. This man I speak of was the same whom God had made stiff the night before. I talked to them and told them that God had done all that was done, and then the man got afraid, and so did Radford Potts. While we were at breakfast Dr. Bateman came in. He began by asking me how I was. I told him that I was quite well, and I did not wish to be bothered with fellows of his class. He then said it was a marvelous change and his medicine must have cured me. I, on coming out of my room that morning, had put all his medicine, unopened, in the grate. I told him so. It came from Blake, Sandford & Blake, the chemists, in Piccadilly. He then said nature had cured me. I told him that he need not talk of my being cured, that I had been inspired by God to

announce myself as His messenger. I also told him I should like him to explain to me what nature was. He could not. I told him that it was only another word for God, and in the beginning men had no words; all things were God. He could not answer me, and my cousin then began to try and stick up for Bateman. I then got up and had a smoke, and talked with Bateman. I do not bear him any ill-will at all. He is one of those men who have no idea at all of God. He only knows of a few subjects that are around him. He possibly has never traveled. He may have gone on the beaten tracks of the continent, but I do not call that traveling. A man must go on the ocean voyages to learn.

After that I asked for my boots as I wanted to go out walking. They would not give them to me. I then saw that I was hemmed in on every



side. All had turned against me. I knew no one in England to whom I could write who would believe in God. I wrote a note to a parson whom I had heard preach at St. James's church, Jermyn street, on the previous Sunday. I gave it to Mrs. Menday and she delivered it. I did not see him. He, I think came afterward, but they turned him away by telling him I was ill.

In the afternoon the "attendant" whom I have mentioned came to my rooms drunk. I ordered him away. I have told that before.

In the evening I got a new photographic album that I had bought at Stanford the stationers, in Cockspur street; in it I began pasting photographs. I put about a dozen in it, and then the spirit of God descended upon me and all around me again. I was not afraid. It made me feel as if I was in Heaven. I quietly put my

album down and I rang the bell and Mrs. Menday came. I just told her to take the album and put it in a press of some kind in order that the leaves might not pucker up. Afterward, when I was in Munster House, I wrote for the album and I found that she had allowed the leaves to pucker up.

I then went into my bedroom and immediately I prayed. Then the spirit of God came all about me and it was then that God showed me His complete power over me. He showed me that He can twist and turn men about just as He pleases. He did so to me. He also revealed to me then the spiritual pleasures I have spoken of. He was preparing me for the imprisonment that was to come and giving me things that helped to enable me to resist the treatment I received.

He taught me those things and He

taught me that from that time I was just to give myself into His hands and allow him to bring me safely out of the position He was placing me in.

I was not in bed while God taught me. I heard some one coming to my door then and God inspired me to lay upon the bed. He had taught me that He was going to blind those who were surrounding me. I was upon the bed, therefore, when the man came in, and he put the clothes over me. He was not the same man as had been with me that day. All that night God showed that man that I came from Him. I only spoke once. I heard a clock striking, and it struck the hours and half hours and quarters. Just immediately before it struck I raised my hand and put it against the wall. I wanted to show the man, as God made me, that he knew the clock was going to strike before it did so. It was a simple sign of

power given to teach an ignorant man. Yet it was no sign, because the man did not see why I was doing it, and he did not, possibly, hear the clock strike. God was deceiving me also; He made me think that I was giving the man unmistakable signs, and all the time I was doing nothing of the kind. He did not want the man to see. Therefore, people can see that God can use me as His instrument and at the same time other men, and He can use us all for His own pleasure.

In the morning I was tired, and God inspired me to rub my forehead against the brass railings of the bedstead. I did so, and blood came; not much, but a little. He then raised my left hand and He made me put the tips of my fingers in the blood and draw them down on to my nose. As I did so, He said to me:

“In the name of God the Father.”

Then He again raised my left hand and repeated the operation, and said:

“In the name of God the Son.”

After that they brought to me a plateful of small pieces of bread. I did not ask for it. Immediately I saw it I felt hungry, and I took three small pieces (they were cut into three-cornered pieces), and then I ceased to feel hungry; then they handed me water, and I took a small mouthful. That was the sacrament God Himself made me take, and He also baptized me in His name and the name of Jesus, with my own blood.

Now, in the fifth chapter of the First Epistle of John, it is written:

“Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God. This is he that came by water and blood, not by water only, but by water and blood, even as Jesus Christ. And it is the spirit that beareth witness.”

I have not quoted those words in the exact order, but I have put them in the exact sense. I will just here mention that the word Jesus means, God with us, and the word Christ means, the appointed one of God. That was a ceremony I went through and all ceremonies are ridiculous and God hates them. He made me go through it in order that the words of Scripture might be fulfilled, and in order that all people may learn how absurd and ridiculous ceremonies are. In plain words, God made me a fool in order that I may teach others what fools they are. When I was doing that ceremony of baptism with my own blood, I thought at the time that God was making a fool of me. He was. But only in order, as I say, to draw all men's attention to the fact that he treats us as little children, and to enable them to see that all ceremonies are ridiculous. That evening

a man of the name of Blandford came to see me. He was a doctor, they said, who had been sent by my uncle. I did not answer a word. God inspired me to do as Jesus did when He was surrounded by suspicious unbelieving people. That is, not answer them. It is much the best plan. Men who do not believe in God, do not do so because for the purposes of His mystery He does not want them to; and to try and convert such men is a waste of time. A man might just as well try to change the laws of God. All that nonsense about converting savages and making them believe in God, is what I have said. Men come to a knowledge of God gradually. It has taken me about twenty years of practical experience to get back to God. Perhaps not quite so long, but nearly so.

Blandford went away. The next morning a third attendant came and

washed my hands and face. I had seen him before. He also tried to shave me. I did allow him to do so but I did not speak. My cousin was there. The man used a blunt razor and I pointed to a new razor case that was on the dressing table. I wished them to see that I wanted to be shaved with the razor belonging to that case. They did not understand. Potts had previously taken the razor and he shaved with it himself. I think he knew what I meant, but he is my enemy.

In the afternoon they dressed me. I did not resist; I helped them. I would have dressed myself if they had not forced their attentions on me. Then the attendants looked over my private diary and turned over my photographs and made jokes about the new lodgings I was going to. I sat in a chair and did not speak. Then a four-wheeler came to the door and



Potts came in and said all was ready. I was then escorted out to the four-wheeler, and Potts sat on the left of me. He took my hand in a hypocritical sort of way. An attendant sat opposite to us and one on the box outside. In that way I was escorted to Munster House. On my arrival there they put me in an armchair in a place called the billiard room. Blandford was there. My cousin came into the room. Then he said good-bye in a shaky sort of voice and went away. Blandford put his hand on my eyes and I opened them. Having kept them shut made them think I did not know what I was up to. I did not do it to deceive them, I did it because God inspired me to. I had no idea at all why God allowed them to put me in that place. I did not then know what sort of place it was.

When I opened my eyes, Blandford said I was suffering from epilepsy and

I should be all right in a day or two. There was another man there of the name of Hammond. He is a resident employee of Blandford's establishment. Hammond told them to give me some milk. They brought me a glassful of very inferior looking stuff and I did not drink. Hammond then said, "We will give him a dose of the stomach pump in the morning and see how he likes that."

That night at about ten o'clock Hammond came to the caged bedroom in which they put me. He poked me in the abdomen and felt me all over the body, and he said: "I can't see anything wrong with this man; I do not understand him." That night I was thirsty and I made a noise with my lips, and a servant gave me water. In the morning they came and led me to a small room to give me the stomach pump. I said to God in my thoughts then, "If you do not

inspire me to do otherwise, I will suffer this." No answer came. I felt that God wanted me to take the stomach pump. They strapped me in a chair, and Hammond said he felt chilly. Then I clinched my teeth and they put a steel thing between them, and they would have broken every tooth that come in the way if I had not opened my mouth. I am only telling people in order to let them see what would have happened if I had been insensible and acted as men in that state do.

I took the food and very nasty it was. Then I spoke and said they did not know what they had done. Hammond got angry and said he would soon teach me that he knew what was good for fellows like me. He then told them to put me in the lower room. I have since found it is a place where men are put who get brutal treatment. They did not hurt me because

I soon talked the attendants over to my side. They are not bad fellows at heart, and they said that it was a most extraordinary business that a man of my ideas should be locked up.

After that I tried all I could to get out. I frightened Hammond. He apologized for giving me the stomach pump. He said he did not know but what I was mad. He allowed me to shave, a thing that no other man there was allowed. He also said that if I would say I was not God's messenger I should get released. I did not then know that it would not be a lie. I did not then know that I am, and I am not. That is the mystery of God. I found that the food given patients was very bad. I asked Hammond to give me my meals alone in the billiard room. He did so. Blandford came. He would not listen to me; he was so angry because of the way God had made a fool of him. I also told

them that I saw clearly what sort of place that was, and I would expose it. My cousin came to see me. He was afraid of me. He asked me what good exposing them would do. He decided to continue against me and they all turned against me. Light-body came to see me. He said he believed in me, but he did not act; and it is actions I want and God wants. and not words.

I then wrote to a magistrate. He came. I told him that I wanted to get out, but I would give my relations one more chance before I decided to disgrace them by making things public. He said if I wanted him again to let him know. After that I told Hammond I wanted the magistrate again; that was some time after when I found my cousin intended to keep me locked up. Hammond refused to send for the magistrate. I then wrote to the Commissioners in Lunacy. They

answered and said they would come. I waited for some days. I then wrote again. Still they did not come. I then wrote to their chairman, Mr. Thomas Salt. I found these names in Whitaker's almanac. God does not help me in those things; He makes me learn by experience. I also wrote to others. My letter to Salt had the effect desired. A commissioner called J. D. Cleaton came to see me. He was very polite and he asked me why I wrote to their chairman about them. I told him I had a way of making people pay attention to their duties. He then asked me if I did not imagine that I had a mission in the world. I told him I had. I was surprised at a man in his position asking such a silly question. All men have their mission in the world. Even the least of God's creatures has a mission. Cleaton then asked me about God speaking to me. Now up to

that time God spoke chiefly by my own mouth, and I also heard His voice but it is no use my saying I know how God speaks, for He does so in a way it is impossible to describe. It makes my face shine with happiness when He does so. I told Cleaton that. He then was given, by me, an autobiography that I had hastily written. He went away. I waited; then after a few days I wrote them a letter and told them that if they thought me insane that they would oblige me by putting that statement in writing and I then would act. They sent an evasive reply to the effect that Mr. Cleaton considered I was properly detained under certificates. After that God spoke to me. I was in the grounds outside when He did so. He said: "You need not be afraid. You shall be released from the place you now are in. Do you think that He who has guided you on all these years

would forsake you now?" After that I knew I was all safe. I would have put my life in God's hands at any moment had He required it. When God speaks it creates a feeling of great love in a man's heart. He just says things that make one trust Him.

Soon after that the attendants told me I would never get out if I talked of exposing that place. They said it was a place easy to get into, but as long as money to pay was forthcoming and as long as they had anything to fear from me, I would stay there. I told them that when the time came wild horses would not hold me. And that is a way I have of telling men of their class that I would be released.

After that, one night when I was in bed, God taught me. He took all power out of my arm and then He made it ache. Then, immediately, He allowed it to be as before. Then



He taught me about Jesus and the Son of Man. He made a light like that of a star shine close to me, and I was afraid. He then spoke to me and said, "You need not be afraid." He also said, in a half-joking sort of way, or rather I should say in an amused way, that I need not look out for the coming of the Son of Man; and He said that I thought He should come with clouds, but it was not so. He also said to me that there were many who had not heard the Word of God. Then He said: "How do you think they shall hear? There are the Chir-  
iwanas and Matakos and other Indians you know of, and none of them have heard. How do you think they shall hear? You know they must hear in order that the Word of God is fulfilled." I did not know what to say, and God said, "They shall hear the voice of God." I thought then that God was going to speak to them

in a loud voice, and let them hear of Him in that way. He did not mean that at all. He meant me to understand that their own voices which they hear every day are the voices of God.

Then one afternoon God said to me, when I was in a lavatory place, that Wright, of Copthall buildings, would buy my land and pay the balance of the money he owed me.

Now I thought then that perhaps God did not think I ought to have sold my land at a higher price than I believed it to be intrinsically worth. God answered me in a way. He said, "The land of West Australia is very poor but it will improve." On another occasion He said to me that the Australian aborigines got there by way of India. They were in India before they went there.

After that I prophesied as I have stated in the first volume of this.

After that I was told by God that

I must refuse to go out for the compulsory exercise they put upon me, and others. I have not related these things in the exact order they occurred, but if people think it is of any importance I may state that I differ from them. I could write my life and relate all things that have happened in proper order if I thought it would do any good.

At eleven o'clock, therefore, I told them that I did not want to go out that morning. They immediately went and told a creature called Joseph Kingsbury. He came, called an attendant, and in a threatening manner came up to me. I was sitting at my breakfast table at the time. God spoke to me as they came. He whispered, I should say, "Don't resist." I therefore held out my feet and allowed them to put on my boots, then I got up and walked outside. Because of that I was again put into

the lower room. That day God told me not to eat my luncheon either unless they forced me. I therefore obeyed. I sat at a table, then they took the food away. I went back to my seat in the lower room. Soon after Joseph Kingsbury came. He, up to that day, had been servile to me. He saw I was all right. On this day he changed. He evidently thought I was mad or playing with them. He told me to come into the dining-room. I did so. Then I took a seat but I did not offer to eat. Before I knew what was coming he seized me by the head and got it under his left breast. Then he swore and said I was a nice sort of — to pretend I was Christ. He took at the same moment a table spoon and he forced that into my mouth. He struck me over the mouth with it. He jerked it up and down in my mouth with his full force. Then he

filled my mouth with food. He called to another man to come. That man then held my nose tightly and Kingsbury saying the words, I know how to settle B—— of your class, poured the water into my mouth. I never resisted. I felt as if I was suffocated and I just mentally said, Father, save me, and I was on the floor at that same instant. I was out of their hands and no harm had been done. I expect Joseph Kingsbury will never again try to hold Christ. God took care that no sign should be given, but neither Joseph Kingsbury nor his friend will ever be able to explain how it was they could not hold me. After that I helped myself to a glass of water. My mouth was cut and bleeding internally.

It was a pretty hard day's work for me. It is nothing now. I mention it to let men see the way God works. He wants the world to see I obey Him.

He wants them to see how men are treated in England, when, from insanity, they do not eat. I was not insane, but if I was not supposed to be, why was I in that place? And if they say I was insane, then it shows people how lunatics are treated.

These things all go on under the protection of the law of England. The "Defender of God's faith" can tremble in her shoes and shake. I can not hurt her, but God is going to humble her to the dust. She did not know, men say; I say her son had an opportunity of knowing, and if she does not know of such places being in England it shows men that their English rule is a protection for all kinds of villainy. What creeping bastard sons of blasphemy and perdition there are in England, who hide themselves under the cloak of being followers of my Father, few people realize. But they shall

realize. All men shall bow down to God and say, "Thy will be done."

"We want a sign," men say. They shall receive the sign of death soon, each in his turn. God is all about now and if men won't take the trouble to find out if I am a true Christ, they shall find out very quickly, and they need not cry to me then, and say you did not advise us. Grind your teeth, my boys, for Christ is come. Shout for joy all those who are humble and meek, for you shall be exalted.

In the name of God the Father and of God the Son, I, God the Holy Ghost, say, Amen.

## CHAPTER IX.

Early in December of 1891, therefore, I was again in the lower room of Munster prison. God had placed me there for purposes that I shall relate.

On the same day as I went there He told me that I must no longer read or write or talk much. He said I was just to sit still and do nothing. I did obey. Before that day Hammond had told me I must have some clothes made by their tailor. Munster House, I may mention, is owned or run by Blandford, Curtis & Williams. Blandford acts as visiting doctor and he also travels about and gets people to put in there. Every man he gets is so much a year in his pocket and the pockets of his partners.



I told Hammond that I had plenty of clothes at my rooms in Bury street, and I also told him I had ordered a cover coat at Hammond & Co., the tailors of Oxford street, London. I said that Poole & Hammond usually made my clothes for me and that I wished to communicate with Hammond. He refused to allow me. His own tailor came, and Hammond chose me some seedy black colored cloth and out of it I was made a very badly fitting suit. Afterward, by using a little stratagem, I got a letter forwarded to Hammond, the tailor, by my cousin. They sent a man down, and he brought patterns of cloth, as I had requested. They made me a suit.

Hammond, the resident employee, was very much annoyed at my having succeeded in outwitting him. I shall say more of these clothes presently.

After I had been sitting still for a few days God spoke to me and said that I should send a letter, when the time came, to the Queen, and that the letter was to be sent to the Prince of Wales and he would give it to the commander-in-chief of the army and it would then get to the Queen. And God added: "The army shall turn against them." He went on to say that early in January that should be, and then He said: "Your days of sorrow shall be over early in February." And He said: "When the time comes you shall be moved out of the lower room into the middle room." There are three rooms, I must explain, in Munster House. One is called the lower, one the middle, and one the billiard room.

I have told you that God speaks and acts as God and as the devil. He has given me power to know when

He is acting as devil and when as God. He taught me by experience.

After I had been sitting still for a few days God said to me again: "You must not clean your nails unless they offer you a knife. You must not shave unless the doctor asks you. You must try not to look so sad."

Then one morning I was walking out and Hammond came to shake hands. I did not care about shaking hands with him. I am not accustomed to much hand-shaking. It is a custom that is old-fashioned. I do it occasionally, of course, but not every morning as Hammond wanted. I was annoyed with him and I told him that the Son of Christ did not shake hands with the son of the devil. A few days after God spoke and said: "You should not make remarks of that kind to the doctor. It is not kind of you, and you must try to remember that all men have not the same ideas."

Then one night just as I was getting undressed to go to bed God spoke and said, "You must not go to bed." I confess I was afraid. I was afraid that they would half murder me if I did not go to bed. However, I obeyed. The attendant, of the name of Baker, who came later to get the candlestick, as was customary, when he saw me standing there said: "You want a dam'd good thumping, and you know dam'd well that there is nothing wrong with you." He then pushed me over on the bed and dragged off my clothes and threw the blankets over me and went out. God made me do that in order to show me that I need not be afraid of their harming me and that He could stop them doing so. Also He did it in order that all men may know how people are treated in those places.

The morning after that, Hammond the doctor looked as pleased as I ever

saw him do. He had been told of my refusing to get into bed, and it, he thought, was a sign of lunacy. He does not know much of God yet. God is a very different being to the God most people worship, or I should say pretend to worship, for "Christianity" is only a name for miserable, creeping creatures to hide their mean, groveling natures under. That is what is generally called Christianity. If men tell me so-and-so is a true Christian, I know at once that he must be a mean, creeping sort of fellow. Christ is meek as a lamb, but he is afraid of no man on earth.

Now, after I had sat still for a week or two, I could clearly see God's object in making me do so. The attendants before that were afraid of me, and did not act in their usual way. They now began to ill-treat patients who were helpless and really insane. They hunted them about the

passages and knocked them down just for amusement. A man called Ben Hardy, who was not insane, only a little light-headed, was made to do work. He fetched coal and waited on the patients. He liked that work, and if he had been insane at all there was no harm in his being employed in that way. He had been in that place twenty-six years, they tell me, and he could tell me all about his being put in. I found out about him afterward. He had never been insane. He was kept there for purposes of personal gain to Blandford & Co.

I remained in the lower room for under three weeks, and Hammond got very uneasy and so did Blandford. They knew of my prophecy, and they spoke of the number of deaths that were taking place. Then one day Kingsbury came to me and said that I was to go into the billiard room, by the

order of the doctor. I remembered that God had told me His word must be fulfilled, and I remembered He had said I should go from the lower into the middle room. I therefore said to Kingsbury, I would prefer to go into the middle room. I was taken there. Now God's word was fulfilled. That is almost the only request I made that was granted. It shows that God knew exactly what would happen.

I was in the middle room on last Christmas Day. The festival in honor of Christ was kept in England, and Christ was sitting a prisoner under English laws. Tremble in your shoes and shake, you bastard English, for you shall bow your heads to God! Hammond never asked me to shave. I sat for week after week and no one offered me a knife to clean my nails. Hammond stopped my cold baths. He refused to let me have a little fruit which I asked them to buy

for me. He refused to allow me to have my meals alone. He bothered me to read when he saw I would not, and he came and mocked me and asked me if I knew everything, and if that was the reason I would not read. He got afraid at last to speak to me for days together. He used to hurriedly pass through the room and keep his head down. About that time a man called Putz was hunted more than usual by the attendants. I sat by him at table. One day I noticed he could not swallow. A few days afterward he appeared with a scar over his eye. A few days after that he was dead; he was murdered, killed by brutal treatment, and a good thing it was for him. God released him from his troubles, and he got the reward of iniquity. I don't know what his life had been, but I know that the manner of his



death showed that he had not led a good life.

About that time the Duke of Clarence died. The Prince of Wales got the roof burnt off his house also, and I expect he will get something else shortly unless he receives me. All those things happened in a natural sort of way. God does everything in that way. Yet Mr. Prince had turned away the messenger of God, and he who turns Him away has got God against him.

Now, early in January, I felt that what God told me about sending a letter to the Queen was only a blind. I felt that it was in His character of the devil He had said that, or rather He had said it half as devil and half as God, in order to teach me to choose the truth from untruth. I thought to myself that God would never begin His reign on earth by setting the army against them; and in

fact the thing generally had an appearance of untruth about it. I, therefore, sat still, and on Saturday, the 6th day of February, God's other Word was fulfilled. I felt that I had done my work of sitting still. I saw some things during that time that showed me what sort of place I was in.

That night God came to me in Spirit in my bedroom, and I was filled with the Spirit of the Holy Ghost. I had more pleasure given me that night than ever before, and if men ever have God for their Father they will know how He rewards those who obey Him.

I, on that Saturday afternoon, read letters, and I wrote a letter to Mr. Thomas Paul Potts. I received a letter from Mr. Brodrick in New Zealand, who is the father of Harold Brodrick, in the flesh.

I told Mr. Potts that it had come to my knowledge that he had sent

false reports to Mr. Brodrick about me, and I advised him to telegraph and stop any one from coming over from New Zealand to see me. I said it was unnecessary and God would release me when the time came. Mr. Potts sent a cable to New Zealand on the 18th of February, 1892. He pretended he thought me insane. His actions show what he thought. The cable cost £2 8d, and it was sent by Reuters' Telegram Company (Limited).

From that date of early in February I began to send a few letters to my uncle and cousin and to the commissioners and to the Lord Chancellor of England, and to the secretaries of state. I told them a few truths. I showed my prophecy had been fulfilled. I also began to tell them all about Munster House. On March 22d two commissioners came; Allbutt and Frere, I was told their names were.

They said that if I came from God I must show them a miracle. I did not agree with them. I sent Allbutt a letter a few days after. Then he resigned his position as commissioner. I saw that in a newspaper. I, of course, do not say it was because of me. He resigned, is all I state. After February the 6th I began, of course, reading papers again.

During the two months I did not read or write, Arthur Lightbody and F. A. Barge came to see me. They can testify as to the truth of many things I say, and Arthur Lightbody knows nearly all that happened from the time I left Argentina.

Just before Good Friday I got so weary and tired. I felt so very lonely. I was deserted by all men, and God had not spoken to me for some time. He had not manifested Himself to me since the night of February 6th. I wrote a letter to my cousin then and

to J. D. Cleaton. I told them I felt so lonely I did not know what to do. I begged of them to, for pity's sake, come to me or send some one to talk to me who believed there was a God. Forsaken by man and God, I told Cleaton I was. I was humbled then and God heard my prayer and He saw my anguish, and the morning of Good Friday, April the 15th, He said to me: "Write to the commissioners." I did so. Every word on that paper God told me. They got a letter that made them think their time had come. They will wish it had come yet. God told them that they should all die, but not just then. He also at the end of the letter said: "If I am not out of this and somewhere that I know not of at just a little bit later than twenty minutes past nine o'clock to-morrow morning, I will come to you quickly and move your candlesticks out of their places."

Those words are only a blind, and they were written to frighten the commissioners. "I" meant, in the first case, "God," and in the second "Harold Brodrick." Now God was out of Munster House at the same time as He was in it. That is the mystery of God. He is and He is not.

About that time Hammond Blandford and all the attendants were afraid of me. I could at one time have almost walked out of the place and no man would have dared to stop me. But God does not do things in that way.

I wrote my uncle a letter also. I told him that because he had despised God he should die. I also played him other jokes. They were not jokes for him because he is not very smart, but they were for me. I deceived him, and I did so on purpose to punish him. Telling a man he shall die does not mean necessarily that he shall

do so quickly. It may also mean he shall die a death to sin. Mr. Potts will have to hurry up and repent if he ever wishes to die that death.

Soon after those things happened I wrote and told the commissioners that I was only playing with them, or rather that God was. I also advised them to close Munster House. I wrote a letter to their chairman about the place, and I got a reply from Whitehall telling me that the chairman also had resigned. I then began to see that I was getting my enemies under my feet, or rather that God was putting them there.

Early in May, Williams, the superintendent, stopped a letter of mine, and he, by so doing, broke the law of England. He has broken it many a time. They stop and burn all sorts of letters, I have no doubt. If they stopped one, as I know they did be-

cause I saw it in the hands of Williams opened, they also, naturally, would do so at any time. They did not stop my letters often; they sent them to my cousin, and he stopped plenty of them. I used to write letters to people telling them my cousin was a miserable, creeping sort of fellow, and I knew when I did so that he would stop the letters and read those things. That was the way I punished him.

On May the 10th a Dr. Young, from New Zealand, came to see me. My father, in the flesh, sent him. A friend of Young's also came. I had met Young in Invercargill. I told him that I was all right, and he said, I hear you claim to be the Holy Ghost. I laughed and told him that the Holy Ghost dwelt in me, and I was only trying to practically teach people that He dwells wherever truth is. Young was astonished and he went away and wrote to my uncle and



told him I was all right, or words to that effect. I, about that time, was visited by Lightbody, and I got him to forward a letter to an old friend of mine called Hislop. Lightbody also kindly came to see me often,

I then in June wrote to Jenkins, Baker & Co., who were acting for me in name and against me in fact. I told them to issue a writ of "habeas corpus" on T. Radford Potts. I knew they would not, but I wished them to know that I knew the law. I wanted to frighten them.

I also wrote to Radford Potts and told him that if he did not release me something should happen. He replied he had no power to release me. I then wrote to the commissioners and asked them who was detaining me. They replied that the person who put me in had power to release me.

I then sent a copy of that to Radford Potts. A Mr. Hislop also came to

see me about that time. I got him to write to Potts. Hislop's wife came to see me twice after that. Potts was informed of these things by me, and he got afraid. He wrote and told me that he had written to the commissioners and asked them if they would release me. On getting that letter I wrote to Potts and told him that the commissioners' reply to him would be unfavorable to my being released. It was so. Potts got alarmed at the way I knew his thoughts and the thoughts of the commissioners.

About the time of the Ascot races the commissioners got a final letter from me, that is, final in the sense of my release from there.

I also had a letter from Potts telling me that I should be released when Lightbody called. I had previously asked Lightbody to call. I have omitted many things that happened. I must just relate something more.

After April the 15th, I found one morning that I had been deprived of pen and ink. It was that day, one of Blandford's visiting days. He came into the room with Williams. I called his attention to the laws posted up which said that patients had the right to send letters to the Secretary of State and others. I told Blandford that I had been deprived of pen and ink. He pretended he did not understand me and was going on. I then told him to stop, and I said that if he did not quickly have me supplied with pens and ink I would soon find a way of having him arrested under their own bastard laws. He said: "You would, would you?" and I had pens and ink the next morning. But that evening I was talking to a fellow of the name of Richardson, who understood a little law. He was a patient, but not insane. He had a nervous affection, or possibly he put that on.

He was trying to escape, and as he afterward disappeared, I presume he did so.

Joseph Kingsbury heard me talking to Richardson about the way laws were broken in that place, and Kingsbury then came and said to me in a loud voice, "You's mad, you know you is; and if you say any more about being deprived of pens and ink I will have you put into a room where you'll get neither pen nor ink and you shall never come out of that room again." Now that was a threat of murder. Joseph Kingsbury has got numbers of suits of clothes and hats and pormanteaus and all sorts of things I am told. Many of them I have seen. Those things belonged to those who have died under treatment. During the time I was in Munster House there were several deaths. A Colonel Johnson died. A Mr. Newman died. A Mr. Schoolbred died and others.

The three names I have mentioned are those who were men I had an opportunity of seeing every day for some time. None of them had any appearance at all of insanity. They were men who were not very well up in the ways of the world, and they all were kept there by their "friends." Newman's wife kept him there because she thought he was a nuisance. He was a fidgety man. Well, those men are dead, and it is in the course of God's works they have died. I am not a man who groans about the wickedness of the world. It is very bad, but it will improve now.

I paid no attention to Kingsbury and his threat. He did not wish to murder me, I know that. He only wanted to frighten me. Well, the fact is, with everyone against me like that, occasionally I got a little afraid, and one might, as something occurred that made me think an attempt to kill me

might be made by a certain individual or individuals. I prayed to God. I asked Him to take care of me because I could not get along without Him. I told Him I knew He could do anything. Now as I knelt in bed God firmly pressed just behind my right shoulder blade, just as a man might press with one finger. Then there was a pause for a few seconds and He again did that. It reminded me that I came in the name of the Father and the Son and I had nothing to fear.

## CHAPTER X.

In Munster House I saw the worst side of human nature displayed in all fullness. The attendants or servants, as I call them, having nothing much to do during the day very often devoted their time to teasing and tormenting those who were insane. I tried to stop that sort of thing. Nearly every man in that place excepting myself was called by his Christian, or by a nickname. A Mr. Drury was called "Duckey." He was a man with some peculiar ideas, but probably he was not very bad on his being put in there. Now one morning Drury was knocked, or pushed down, just in play. He has a scar over his left eye from the effects of that fall. The blood was running all down his face when I saw him.

Now, Hammond was afraid of me, and although with his mouth he professed he did not believe I came from God, yet his actions showed me he did. The only mistake he made was in his ignorance of the power and ways of God.

One day I was wondering if Jesus had cured sick people suddenly. I did not then understand those things; God taught me gradually. And it occurred to me that if I was allowed to have charge of some of those men that I could by kind treatment very soon cure them. What most of them were suffering from was neglect and bad food. I only had bad food for the time I was told by God not to talk much. I could not then prevent their doing to me as they would.

One day, therefore, I wrote Hammond a letter, and I told him that soon he might see Drury and a man of the name of Price quite well. Now



God inspired me to do that, and a marked change came over Drury. It was about that time I could almost have walked out of Munster unmolested. Drury at that time had a bandage round his head because of the scar on his eyebrow. I told Hammond he must take that ridiculous bandage off if he wanted to see the power of God to heal the sick. Now, instead of doing so, Hammond took Drury out of the room and put a larger bandage on, and he soaked it with some stuff, not where the scar was only, but nearly all round. Blandford came, and they both were a most peculiar color with fear. When Blandford is afraid he turns a pale yellow; Hammond turns a sort of salmon color, only more dead-looking. That afternoon Hammond said to Blandford, "Drury will soon be all right; he is a six-months' job."

Now, Drury had been in there for

about two years, I was told, and before that no attempt to improve his condition had been made.

Naving made a fool of Hammond, I wrote and told him that he need not think that God was going to help a bastard physician of his sort to cure people. Something to that effect I said. God had taught me in the meantime that He never did miracles or gave signs to unbelievers. Those who are sick are easily cured by kind treatment and good food, and obeying the laws of God.

Now I shall tell of a man of the name of General Jackson. He is an American. He has been in Munster House some time. He is not insane. He is kept there because it is said he will not eat. That is not the truth. He is kept there for purposes of personal gain. He is fed often with the stomach pump. He has almost quite lost his voice. That is caused by the

stomach pump. Before food reaches a man's stomach it has to pass from his mouth to the pharynx and then into the œsophagus. I do not propose to at present explain the difference between speech and voice nor the effect that the glottis and epiglottis has on voice. I will simply state that the one dose I got of the stomach pump showed me that if repeated it soon deprived a man of speech.

Now Jackson had his meals in the billiard room for several days and I found that the attendants stood close to him and hurried him and told him to "eat up," and they made him eat all the little outside edges of meat and other things that were not fit to be eaten. He naturally objected to that. I also noticed one morning that an attendant came and asked him if he had been to the water closet that morning. People must excuse me; I

speaking freely of things we all should speak freely of. Jackson was sent to that place. A few minutes after he came back. Another attendant came, and just apparently for the sake of ordering this unfortunate man about, he told Jackson to get up and go to the closet. Jackson protested and they forced him to go. A little later the same morning he was again forced to go. Now, I have just mentioned one case. In the middle room while I was there the patients were sent to the place I have mentioned just when it came into the heads of the attendants to send them. Sometimes three or four were sent off at the same time. They also on certain mornings received a dose of medicine; not one man alone, but five or six at a time. It was a most pitiful sight, and yet it was so amusing that sometimes at night after I went to bed I used to laugh about it. People may laugh,

but those sort of things are not going to continue.

Williams, the superintendent of Munster prison, is a small, shriveled-up creature. He can't help that, people say. I say he can. A man's life and ideas stamp their effects on his face and body. Williams can improve. He sits at the head of the Munster dining table, and if people could only see his face as he first says grace and asks God to bless the food, and then helps "patients" to bad soup that smells, and then to puddings that are like lead, they would wonder. How low men can get in their ideas is to be seen in men like Williams and Blandford. Everything about Munster House is done for the sake of outward appearance, and the whole thing is kept up by the money paid by those unfortunate people who find their way there. I don't pity them much, because I know that they are

only reaping the reward of what they have sown, but my idea is to abolish all these places of refuge. Hells of iniquity, they are. No man who is at all up in the ways of the world need stay in one of those places long, unless he has got personal motives, as I had, for doing so. Most men who are put in there are fellows who don't know how to look after themselves. There are many people of that class in England. Men inherit money from their fathers, and not having anything to work for, their intellects gradually get less from want of use; and then some smart, unprincipled fellow like G. F. Blandford, M. D., M. A., M. B., F. R. C. P., comes along and he tells their friends he sees signs of insanity in so and so, and they had better send him down to his place for a few weeks. Once in that place, it takes a knowledge of law and of intrigue, and

it wants a man who is afraid of no man, to get out.

At Munster House they keep a cow and she is kept for the sake of appearance and economy. It is a nice thing to be able to say, "We keep a cow and give 'em all the comforts of a country 'ouse." I won't say just yet who it is that leaves out h's, but there are several relatives of Harold Brodrick who do. They were brought up in 'ull or near it, and people know that saying about "From 'ull, 'ell and 'alifax, &c." Well, I don't like even the appearance of blasphemy, and in future if people will excuse me, they will stop talking about "Good Lord deliver us," and so on. It is not nice.

This cow, at Munster House, that makes it look quite the thing, gives a lot of milk if all that is used on the establishment comes from her. It does not. We may as well be candid. Milk used in Munster is adulterated.

There is a piano in the billiard room of Munster. "It soothes 'em poor fellows to get a bit o' music occasional like." So my friend Joseph Kingsbury might say, but he speaks better than that and I exaggerate his way a little in order to call people's attention to the way they speak. The piano at Munster I played upon one day, and afterward it was closed and fastened down. I was told it annoyed patients. The fact is that the piano was used to show visitors that some musical instrument was kept, and it was not there to be played upon because it might make some patients awake from the state they are in. Yes, they closed it, but I soon made them open it. I wrote Hammond a letter and told him if it was not reopened I would expose him. It was opened and I expose him just the same. I did not promise not to.

On the Queen's birthday nearly



every man in Munster came out with a new suit of clothes "in honor of her glorious majesty," I expect Hammond would have said, if he had been a little bit more of a hypocrite than he is. They were not, as a matter of fact, dressed in honor of anything. Loyalty in England is only a blind. It is used for purposes of personal gain. They were dressed because—shall I say Blandford or Hammond have an interest even in the clothes these people wear! I won't say it; it is unnecessary.

Talking of loyalty! When Clarence was alive people called him "collars and cuffs." I heard them; not one only, but it seemed to me that he was generally disliked in England. After his candlestick was moved out of its place the people who surrounded me in Munster said it was the saddest event that could have happened. The

papers also echoed that sentiment in some cases.

Again! Newman, whom I have before mentioned, was forced to buy a pair of chamois colored slippers. He did not want them, but Hammond made him buy them. He seemed to have an interest even in the slippers men wore, and in spite of his fear of me, his greed for money seemed to remain with him always. Newman then said that he did not think them a comfortable kind of slipper, but Hammond said, they must be all right because he heard the Prince wore a pair like them. Now that will show men what extraordinary ideas men of Hammond's class have about princes. They seem to think that they are different to other men. It is my duty to tell people the truth. This winter if the Prince dies, what would have been the . . . . . I will not write of that now. The

Prince is not a bad sort of a fellow in his way, and so far as I am concerned I hope he will soon bow down to God, because if he does not he will surely follow Clarence when his time comes. That is the end of all men who do not look at life in a proper way. They die without ever having seen the Glorious God who is so kind to me. I often think of His words to me.

Now for many months that I was in Munster they put me in a room with a cage over the window. That was to sleep in. I wrote about it to my uncle and to the commissioners and to others. I advertised Munster properly while I was in it. It shall become known all over the world. I have a way of showing people that if they are not with me they are against me. Jesus told men that, and men will hate me as they hated Jesus. They have done so already. But I don't care. If all the wise men on

this Planet had a meeting and decided to put me out of the way they could do it. Yes, but they would all die if they did; not because of me but because it is so arranged by God beforehand. I should be released by God as I was from Munster and then I should do as I now am doing.

Well, after a time I was taken out of that room and put into a very comfortable one. I soon saw the reason. They had got hold of a new "patient" who was not insane, and they wanted to put him in a caged room in order to be able to tell his "friends" that he was inclined to be "violent, poor fellow," and they had put him in the caged room. They would also, and did, advise his affianced wife not to see him because it might do him harm. That man's name was Manby. They told me all sorts of tales about him, and they said he was suffering from "self-adulation." Now I talked with Man-

by and I found he did exaggerate a little, but not more than many other men. One of the chief charges against him was that he said he had saved seventy-five lives. I heard him make that statement, and instead of saying, "Poor fellow, he's mad," and pulling a long hypocritical face, I asked him to tell me when he saved seventy-five lives. I found that he had been an officer on the P. & O. steamer "Tasmania," according to his account, and he said that when she was wrecked he had helped to save people to the number he stated. I had seen the wreck of the "Tasmania" on the Monachi rocks of Corsica. I passed there in the Khedive in 1887. There were several wrecks about that time. Now ignorant servants and men of Hammond's class laughed at Manby, but I see nothing improbable in his statement. In any case a man is at liberty to tell untruths all day long if he

pleases, and no one has any right to lock him up.

Now I have not told people yet of a man of the name of Willan. He was the Munster House fag. He was ordered about by the attendants and he is one of those men who try to please every one, and his reward is that he now is in a lunatic asylum. Willan had been put there by his relatives about eight years previously. He was not insane. No one pretended he was. Yet they kept him under lock and key, and got paid so much a month for keeping him. I asked him how it all came about. He said he had been on a spree and they brought him there when he was insensible or nearly so. He said he was all right a few months after, but when he spoke of going away, the doctor told him he would get into a place where they ill-treated him if he did not mind what he was about; and Willan, like the

silly fellow he is, was afraid of that idea, and he had been kept there, as I say, for about eight years. He was there when I left. I wrote to the commissioners about all these things. They get their living by those places being kept up, and are in ideas a lot of old women. Of course men who are ruled by a woman, even in name, clearly must have womanish ideas. Those sort of fellows would kiss the dust as a sign of loyalty if it paid them so to do. They will go to any depth of meanness if pushed. Some of them have been brought up, so to speak, in an atmosphere of lunacy and suspicion and I need not tell men that they get their ideas from those who surround them. That is the way God arranges things. If a man associates with other men, he has their ideas. Hammond, the resident employee of Munster, is half a lunatic in his ideas. He told me that in the 19th century men did

not believe in God and those old ideas, and he said, I might find myself in one of their workhouses if I spoke against royalty, and he said, I "kicked up a bobbery at Buckingham Palace." Those were his words, and of course only a half lunatic would speak in that wild and untruthful way. I never went near Buckingham Palace in my life.

As for getting into a workhouse, if they think they can put me there all I say is, they can; but I will make them dance to a pretty lively tune if they do. The fact is that I have got Almighty God backing me up, and the best way for unbelievers to find that out is to go against me. I invite them. Come on I say. I will fight you all, my boys, and it shall all be done with pen and ink and words and acts. I will never use violence or resist. A man, therefore, who locks me up is a poor sort of creature who is making me suffer and doing no good.



I have written nearly enough of all these nasty subjects. I am, as it were, stirring up the muddy water in order to show men what this world is. The earth is not a bad sort of place but it is not like Heaven. Before this world becomes what it shall be, there is much to do. Out of all the things men have built up must come the things that are to be. Then will be the Kingdom of Heaven. It has begun now.

## CHAPTER XI.

I went into Munster House, therefore, saying I was the messenger of God; and, in order to blind my enemies, I said I was not the messenger. In the same way I am the Saviour of the world and yet I am not the Saviour; God is the Saviour. Jesus was the Saviour, men say, but they are wrong, it was God who saved the world. I am the Holy Ghost. I am Christ. I am the Son of Man. I am the Saviour. I am the Morning Star and I am Harold Brod-rick, as people are; so shall I be to them. All men can speak as I do and say those things, but they are not what I am. I am a man who has overcome death and sin. I am in Heaven and yet on earth. I shall live and reign a thousand years and yet it

is God who reigns. I have said enough. God is a spirit.

Of things that have been I have written. I have told you that under the names of Shem and Ham the early migrations are known. Of course the few people who came out of the Ark did not live separately, they all lived together. The descendants of Ham and the descendants of Shem are all the same people.

Of things that are, I have written. I have called myself a bastard and the English, bastards, and I do so to show that we are all the same; and it does not matter what names we go under. All men are what they are, whether they be called English, American, Scotch or Chinese. It is education and intellect that separate men. A man of high motives is above one of low ideas, and the ideas in this book are written for all classes of men. I wish them to see what the

world is and what we are. People are crowded together in London and other large cities, and the time has come when they must emigrate. Poor-houses and public charitable institutions are abundant in England, and that sort of thing must all be done away with. It is a false Christianity that has created those institutions. Jesus told men not to give alms publicly, and all money given to public institutions is doing no good. The more charitable institutions men build the more they will be filled by worthless people. There is plenty of work out in the world.

Of things that are to come, I will say that there shall be no more nations. There shall be one nation. It shall be the people of the earth. There shall be universal laws. They shall be the laws of God. There shall be no armies and no navy. London shall be depopulated. People

shall no longer heap together and feed upon each other; they shall go out into the world and help each other. They shall cultivate the land. The earth shall be as a garden. When shall the reign of God begin? It has begun now.

There is one thing I have left unexplained. As the lightning cometh out from the east and goeth to the west, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be. It has been. To every man who hears of this, the second coming of the Son of Man and of God, the news comes suddenly as a flash of lightning. And God came to me as swiftly as the lightning in Bury street; and the coming of the Son of Man, using the term collectively, has been as clear as the lightning. Those words do not mean that some one shall suddenly come here from another part of God.

I have done enough now to show

all people I come from God. Those whom God has chosen will believe. Those who are not of God will not understand. I bear no man ill-will, though he is my enemy. We all are playing our part in the game of life. All men are now as God wants them to be, but they all can and must improve, and every man shall come round to the views expressed by God. It is not Harold Brodrick who has written this book, it is God; and God thinks it is good enough for the people. When they get more advanced and more civilized, they shall receive a more advanced book; and there are many things to tell you, but you cannot bear them now.

There is one thing I may tell you. On Monday the 19th of October, 1891, Harold Brodrick heard a trumpet sound in Heaven. It was the trumpet of the fifth angel mentioned in the Book of Revelation. Men

need not try to find out what that means. The mystery of God is not easily understood. People need never be afraid. God does nothing suddenly. The only thing I can tell them is that they have death behind them and the Kingdom of God and everlasting life in front of them, and they can make their choice, and as God's will is, so that choice will be.

Parents who have sons should try to bring them up to look to something higher than the pleasures of this present time. They should teach their children that the natural life and the best life is a country one. And they should try not to make money alone, but to make their homes beautiful, and plant their gardens with flowers and try to be good and not to appear so only. A good, true woman is an angel of God. A woman who is good in outward appearance only is a temple of evil. Men who

live for the present time are not worth bothering about. Men who live for the time to come shall have their reward. A life in a country home may be made very beautiful, and men who live in cities do not know of the pleasure and freedom from care that there is on a farm that is properly worked. A man should be able to produce all the things necessary to life on a farm, and not only so but produce for others. That is a useful life. Every man in the world should ask himself the question, "What can I do to help God to build up his Kingdom?" God does not want our help, but He does not despise the least of His creatures. He loves those who just try to do their best. At present the earth is but a wilderness. All these countries must be cultivated and covered with happy homes. All people must



receive each other as brothers and sisters. There must be no religion. All men must be of one mind in God.









